THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXII. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866. TERMS, $3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 18.

BARNABY'S BOY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

The publican Barnaby sat by the fire,
  Stupid and stolid within its glow;
A pipe alight and a tankard dry,
  As he muttered oaths at the falling snow;

Which would keep the guest and the silver coin
  Away from the hostel this bitter night,
And leave the wight with the running score
  To sully the path so pure and white.

Close in the corner, with ragged coat,
  With gaping shoe and a shrunken face,
Sat “Barnaby's boy,” his hands outspread,
  Crouched in the meekest and lowliest place.

In his bending frame there was childhood crushed,
  In his eye no glimmer of childish joy,
But a sorrowful, wistful, watchfulness,
  Told the tale of life for the work-house boy.

Nobody knew him and nobody cared
  For him. He remembered only this:
Once he had known a softer bed,
  A dear “Good night,” and a loving kiss.

Mother or angel he could not tell,
  It was all so far off, strange and sweet,
That he quite forgot for a time his woe,
  Hunger and blows and aching feet.

So he loved to watch when it chanced he might,
  Fanciful forms in the fire aglow,
And wonder if she would return no more,
  And if he should seek her, where to go.

Roughly old Barnaby bid him rise,
  Grudging him even this harmless joy,
To fill his pipe. Alas! it fell
  From the trembling hands of Barnaby's boy.

It needs not I should tell the tale,
  How bitterly fell the cruel blow;
Or how through dark and weary hours
  The outcast fought the blinding snow.

Barnaby's boy laid down to sleep,
  Weary, so weary, of loveless life;
Where each new day like a giant rose,
  And vanquished hope in unending strife.

His hands lay still, the unbeaten breast
  No heart-stir gave. On the lidded eye
The snow-flakes fell till the early morn
  Showed Barnaby's boy to the passers by.

Barnaby's boy? Nay, nay, not so.
  [illegible] his work is done;
The falling snow, from the [illegible]
  Brought a message down to the friendless one.

And tho' in his raiment poor and old,
  In a pauper grave we say he lies,
We know that a mother angel says,
  “Good morrow, child,” in the blessed skies.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1866, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

HAGAR, SIM. BLIX AND LITTLE OTHO.

GRANTFORD GRANGE;

OR,

THE GIPSY MOTHER.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XII.

HAGAR, THE GIPSY.

Five minutes after Lionel's departure, Simeon Blix had caught the down train and was on his way to Albany. He looked very pale still and had a terrified expression on his countenance, such as one might expect to see on that of a thief who feared detection. What he feared, however, it was impossible to guess, for he sat throughout the journey quite silent; his coat buttoned to his chin; his head bent upon his breast, and his hat slouched over his eyes. And when at last he arrived at his destination, he left the cars and made the most of every moment until he reached a row of shabby houses evidently tenanted by the poorest class of people.

There his feet lingered and his eye wandered over the dingy numbers on the doors.

“Number 9—the first room on the third floor,” he muttered. “This is the place. Hope none of my acquaintances are hereabouts, for it don't look over fashionable, and I wouldn't like to be seen goin' in. Tain't as if I was born a swell, and brought up one all along. I've got to fight for my stand, I have; though I'll have it yet.”

As he spoke, Sim. Blix looked around uneasily and glided into the low door with a quick step. Ascending the stairs, he paused at the door which came first on the third floor and knocked; and obedient to his summons, it was instantly opened, and as quickly shut and locked again, and Sim. stood beside a tall, dark woman, whose handsome lips curled in a smile of triumph as the two exchanged glances.

“The last trick succeeded; I see that, whether I am able to read the stars or no; I see it in your eyes, Sim. They found the body.”

“Yes,” replied Simeon Blix. “As far as I can tell, nobody doubts that the young un they picked up was Otho Grantford. If they'd an idea it was only the little tramp, Lot Absan, that broke his neck on the tight-rope at a circus, I expect they'd have left it where they found it. But there's to be a grand funeral now, and the search will end with that. You're as safe to keep the brat as if you had him on the other side of the herring pond.”

“They sha'n't take him from me very easy, Sim.,” said the woman. “Not very. 'Tisn't that I'm so desperate fond of him—though I am proud of him, too; but I'd a right, and it made me mad enough to think of having a child of mine cooped up in brick walls and sleeping in poison in-door air. I had a time getting him too—for I had to take care I wasn't seen where I was known, though old Aggy had been up to the Grange a lot o' times tellin' fortunes to the servants, and had talked to the child 'til his head was full of running off and being a gipsy. She found out they were going to the Lake that day, and told me. There's lonely places along there, and I knew I could manage somehow, but I came near missing it, for what did I do but come face to face with the young lady and the tutor. I pretended to be asleep, but they waked me up, and I just managed to get off before the governess rode up. The girl don't know me, but *she* does. Old Agg had had a talk with the boy, and he had promised to find a chance to get away and talk to her. And behold, what did they do but leave him alone and make it as easy as if they wanted to help me. He came like a lamb. Says Agg:

“ ‘Well, master, would you like to be a gipsy [illegible]

“Says he:

“ ‘Better than anything else. I'd have no books, would I?’

“ ‘Never a book,’ says Agg.

“ ‘Hurrah!’ says he, and he came in a minute. ‘Only they'll cry about me,’ he says, ‘and I hate to make them cry.’

“He's a beauty, Sim., and like me, if I do say it; and now I want to ask you a question. What makes you take such a mighty interest in all this? How can it do you any good?”

“Friendship, Hagar,” said Sim.—“friendship and auld lang syne, you know.”

“Nonsense,” said the woman. “I know you, Sim. Blix, and I know how much you care for other people. You have a motive.”

“Well, suppose I have, Hagar,” replied the young man—“that's nothing to you. It chimes in with your motive; you always wanted the child.”

“I don't know that,” said the woman; “but when you told me how he'd be brought up—a great gentleman, to hate his gipsy mother—and how they were setting him against me as much as they could, my blood boiled; and, after I'd come to see him on the sly, and saw gipsy written all over him, and felt he was my own and not the little white-faced thing I thought he might be, I guess I knew how a tigress feels when her young are stole from her. I ain't soft-hearted, and I hate them that do harm to me so that I could kill them and never repent it; but there's something here that tells me that's my boy.”

She put her hand on her heaving bosom and looked down into the fire which burnt in the grate near which they stood. Her hair, lying in great glossy waves low on her forehead, took purple gleams in the warm light. Her cheeks were all aglow, her voluptuous lips pure scarlet.

She was a splendid creature to look upon, and her beauty was of the kind that best suited Simeon Blix.

“You're a pretty woman, Hagar,” he said.

“Tell me news, Sim.—do,” she answered.

“You are,” said Sim. “I wonder you didn't stay at the Grange, after taking all the trouble to get there. You made big eyes at the Squire and came the soft and sweet over him; and when you was his wife why didn't you keep hold of your good luck?”

“I'll tell you, Sim.,” said the woman. “I'd as lief tell as not, so don't feel flattered by the confidence. He tried to train me to perform a good deal like we do our pony in the ring. He seemed to be fond of me too; but it was, ‘Hagar, ladies don't do so,’ and ‘Hagar, ladies never say this,’ and ‘Hagar, when you're riding sit in such a fashion,’ and ‘Hagar, when you are walking don't think you are on the tramp behind the tinkers, but take little steps like the ladies you see;’ and I got wild and desperate. I couldn't mince and prink, though I could have loved him heart and soul, and did, when he walked with me under the trees and called me his ‘queen’ and his ‘beauty.’ And first I coaxed him, and says I:

“ ‘Take me as I am—gipsy blood and bone, and put up with me.’

“Then he'd grow soft again to me and say he hated the airs of the others, and he only advised me for my sake. But when the baby came—aye, it was the day they were to name it—something happened that made him angry, and out he blurted:

“ ‘Old fool that I was to give my son a gipsy mother to disgrace him, as well as take a gipsy wife to shame me every day of my life!’

“I made a vow that I kept then, and I shook the dust from my feet outside the Grange gates before the sun went down, and I shook off with it all the liking I had for Henry Grantford, and went back to the gipsy camp. I shan't leave it now likely, now I'm Eli Had's wife. But, disgrace or not, no one can say I ever forgot the words the old minister said over us, or the promise I made; [illegible] never looked at Eli nor listened to him [illegible] and never [illegible] never forgot I was his wife, if I was a gipsy, amongst kin who had no great fondness for laws of any kind. I like to live in tents, and I hate walls and roofs, and this is the last night we'll sleep under one for awhile, my boy yonder and I.”

“Yes, he is yours, and you are going to keep him. That ought to be a comfort to you,” said Sim. “I'd take him away as soon as I could if I was you, for nobody can tell who might come poking along here, and Otho is a hard un to manage, I have a notion, most as hard as you are, Hagar.”

“Now I've answered your question, Sim.,” said the woman, “and I want you to answer mine. Why did you help me?”

“An't you my half sister?” said Sim.

“Bah!” laughed the woman; “I know that, and I know you made use of it to climb up out of the gipsy tents I love and you hate. Henry Grantford, while he was fond of me, would have done anything he could for the biggest thief of the tribe, if he was kin to me, and you knew it, child as you were, and came around him finely. You might have been tinkering in lanes and fields to-day, instead of being in the great bank, with dear knows what grand fellows, if I hadn't married as I did, but it isn't gratitude for that, and it isn't that we've the same mother, and you needn't lie, Sim. Blix, unless you do it for the liking, for I'm not to be taken in.”

Sim. looked defiant.

“You are cute enough, Hagar,” he said. “Well, I *have* a motive, and what's more, I shan't tell you what it is. I helped you get the brat away, and I paid your charges down and hired the rooms for you here, and I've bought rigs for the young un, and acted brotherly enough, Lord knows. Maybe I wouldn't if it hadn't been for my good, but what's that to you? Say thank ye, or don't say it, as you like, and ask no questions. It's waste of breath, for you can't expect no answers. And see here, you know, if I change my mind, I could blow on you and spoil all. So get the young un away as soon as possible.”

The woman walked closer to Simeon Blix, and laid her hand on his arm.

“Turn informer, and set the hounds on my track if you *dare*, Sim.,” she said. “I know things that would——”

“Would *what?*” asked her half brother, turning pale.

A crafty look stole into Hagar's eyes. She laughed softly.

“I don't mean to tell you what,” she said. “Where's the use of quarreling? It's to your interest not to let the thing out—that's plain, and as for threats, you know a gipsy always finds some revenge, better than I can tell you. You can't drive the gipsy blood out of your veins, or the memories of gipsy life away, no matter where you live, Sim. Blix. Well, you you have helped me, and so I'll say thank you, and good-bye. I'll be off at daylight. Do you want to see the child?”

“I'll take a peep to please you,” said Sim. “So—he's asleep.”

As he spoke he put his head into a little bedroom, where, amidst the folds of an old scarlet coverlet, tossed carelessly over the unmade feather bed, lay the chubby form of little Otho Grantford.

His floating curls had been cropped close to his head, and he wore coarse, ill-made garments, but nothing could greatly alter him.

The thought struck Sim. at once.

“You'd better keep him out of sight for a year or two, Hagar,” he said. “There never was but one boy looked like that, and that's Otho Grantford.”

“Don't wake him,” said Hagar. “There, now, we've had enough of each other, and I must sleep until the time to start, for I've a long tramp before me, and must be fresh for it. Good night.”

Sim. nodded and was gone, [illegible] without undressing, flung herself on the bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Simeon Blix had other business that evening on his hands—business that was important, if one might judge from his countenance. Yet it took him only to a quiet little restaurant hard by, where sundry respectable business men were eating supper, and two colored waiters, in white jackets and aprons, were endeavoring to perform the duties of at least a dozen. There were several snug boxes with red curtains here, and to one of these Sim. betook himself, ordering a hearty meal and sundry liquid accompaniments, and telling the waiter to “show the gentleman who would ask for Mr. Blix, into the box.”

For half an hour supper occupied the gentleman entirely, but when that was over, the newspaper which he picked up failed entirely to calm his impatience.

More than once he muttered:

“Hang the fellow. An't he coming?” and three several times he summoned a waiter to inquire if he were *positive* no one had asked for him.

At last, just as Simeon had taken up his hat to go, the red curtain was lifted, and the waiter, with the words, “De gemplemun at last, sah,” ushered in Dick Osprey.

The young man was handsome still. His face retained its youthful color, his eyes were bright, his figure well proportioned, his movements graceful, but reminding one, as those of some indolent people will, of the motions of some sleepy kitten. A young man fond of his ease, prone to self-indulgence, and with no strong will to combat evil promptings, though not prone to evil naturally. This was what Dick Osprey looked, and this was what he was, as good a tool for Simeon Blix as though he had been made to order.

He sat down opposite Sim., and buried his head in his hands, running his fingers through the long black hair, where they shimmered white and pink as porcelain.

As pretty as any girl he looked just then, and as pettish as one could be, and Sim. the swarthy, loomed darker and uglier than ever by contrast.

The latter was the first to speak.

“You look glum enough to-night, Dick,” he said. “What ails you?”

“Nothing new,” replied Dick. “I'm tired of life, that's all—sick and tired of it. I wouldn't live another day—I swear I wouldn't—if I knew this sort of thing would last. Short of money, bothered by duns, plagued and pestered day and night. Confound it, when, as you've often said yourself, I ought to be master of the Grange. Mother was his sister, and if Aunt Beatrice were living, she would have made her appearance, and if she had had children, they would have turned up before this, so, upon my word, it seems hard. Confound old Roger Grantford and his will. Uncle Harry could hardly have kept a slice of the property from me if things had taken their regular course. It's worse and worse with me every hour of my life, I can tell you, Sim.”

“Old Crab been down on you for them clothes,” said Sim., lighting a cigar.

“Yes. I'd like to shoot him.”

“And Mrs. Grump?”

“Hang her!” cried Dick. “She pestered me for a ‘little on account,’ until I told her I'd find board elsewhere. Then, bless you, she locked up my trunk and put a new man in my room. Not a shirt, Sim., until I pay her, and *you* know how easy that is. My poor uncle did his best, I suppose, when he put me in the firm. Other men have gone up and made their fortunes; I stay where I began—less chance for promotion, less trust and favor every year. But for the fact that I was introduced as I was, I'd have been dismissed long ago. And the truth is, I *don't* do my duty—I'm *not* energetic. I can't be a mathematical machine, nor a good business man. I hate it all. I shall throw my inkstand at somebody's head, and leave some day of my own accord, and then it's all up with me.”

Sim. laughed.

“Laugh away,” muttered Dick; “your pockets are full—you can afford it.”

“So can you,” said Sim. “Come, come,—matters are at their worst, and they'll mend the sooner. The darkest hour is just before day.”

“Dawn must be near, then,” said Dick. “Look here, Sim. I received a letter from Geraldine to-day—the third of the same kind. I'm a selfish *mortal*, but I can't stand them. You must let her off, Sim. She can't marry you, by Jove! *I* wouldn't have a girl that didn't love me better if she had the handsomest face and the greatest fortune going; and she promises you shan't lose money by giving her up. There's the letter, Sim.”

“Bother,” said that gentleman. “Of course she likes to make a fuss now and then. She'll settle down after she's married. You're a fool, Dick. Besides, you *know* now, if you *was* to rile me too much, what I could tell. I've kept a mighty black secret for you, Dick, and I'll keep on keepin' it *so long as I aint riled*—no longer.”

Dick Osprey clenched his hands and set his teeth.

“I believe you know I tell the truth in that matter,” he said.

“I never raised my hand against my uncle——”

Sim. lifted his finger.

“Hush! Why do you want to tell the waiters and whoever may be in the next box what might bring you to an unpleasant end, you stupid fool?” he whispered. “'Taint my affair; but I've a liking for you, and you're to be my brother-in-law, you know, some day.”

Dick regarded the speaker with a disgust which, for the moment, amounted almost to loathing.

“Hang you,” he said, “be content with the girl's money. I *won't* sacrifice her. What am I worth? What is this life worth? I'm as poor as a rat—as wretched as a fellow of my age can like. I'm getting desperate. Accuse me if you [illegible] I know, and I *feel* [illegible] and if you are scoundrel enough——”

“Come, come, [illegible] for a jury. There aint no doubt you'd [illegible] *down the house* with the injured innocence [illegible] if we do let worst come to the worst and put you *before a jury*. But I don't calculate on that. We'll be lovin' brothers-in-law soon. I've got good news for you.”

“Good news for *me!*” sneered Dick.

“I should think so—stunnin' news. You wouldn't think so little of life, you know, if you was rich. You wouldn't feel so down in the mouth if you was goin' to march into the Grange and take possession to-morrow, now, would you?”

“What in Heaven's name do you mean?” asked Dick.

“I mean good news,” said Sim.

“Good—news——”

“Jolly! Now, Dick, you know what we've talked about: if Otho was out of the way——”

“Sim, you haven't——”

Dick Osprey paused and turned pale.

“I haven't choked the brat,” said Sim., “but I've done you as good a turn. What would you say to a friend who opened the Grange door and said, ‘Go in old fellow?’ I've done it for you, my boy. Hagar has got the brat, and, unless I choose, nobody will ever get him back again.”

“I don't understand.”

“Stupid! How are you ever to be woke up? The Grange is yours—leastways, if *I* like, and just now I do. They think the young un is dead there, Dick, I managed it. I gave the old granny a hint or so, and she's a cute un. She got the boy fond of her, and set him wild to get rid of school-books and tutors, and Miss Prims, and he fairly ran away himself, and has gone, as he oughter, to his mother and her kin; and by chance another brat of the tribe kicked the bucket, and the granny managed they should find his body where they looked for Otho's. So they've had a grand funeral, and any quantity of blubbering, and the whole kit have sworn to Lot Abran's being the family pet; and now the Grange stands awaiting for its owner. Who's that owner? Why, it's *you*, aint it? It's Dick Osprey, the reg'lar male heir—him that ought to have been there all along. Come now, what d'ye say?”

“That you are the devil, Sim.,” gasped Dick—“Satan himself, in human form.”

“Com—pli—mentary. Them's your thanks.”

“Oh, Sim., Sim.!” half sobbed the wretched youth, “it's such a horrible temptation.”

“Horrible! You've not got to *do* anything. I knew you wouldn't, so I put it in other hands. The mother has got her young un, and he went willing, and the coast is clear for you.”

“Sim., I know what a man of honor should do.”

“Blow the whole thing to thunder, eh? Well, now you couldn't if you wanted. Haven't any proof, you know. And then the old story. I *have* got proof of that, and, as I said, if I was riled I might be dangerous. You know 'tisn't for generosity. I expect to come in for a slice of the good things going, if you have the cake.”

Dick sighed, and ran his hands through his hair again.

“I have as good a claim as he has after all,” he said.

“To be sure,” said Sim.

“I would have been as well off as my sister if I hadn't made the old man angry,” said Dick. “I was brought up to expect it. What sort of a business man could I make? It aint in me. I *do* long to be rich.”

“You *are*,” said Sim. Now, look here: what sort of a friend will you turn out? Will you say a third to the inventor of this here hocus pocus that has turned you uppermost?”

Dick leant over the table and caught Sim.'s hand in his.

“I'll give you half,” he said. “I'll say the Grange is your home as well as mine. I'll make what bargain you chose, only give me one promise; let Geraldine off. Her little money can't be an object now, and there are plenty girls as pretty. Let Gerry off, and promise me you'll make no more pretence of thinking I—did what you know of, for it *is* pretence, Sim. I don't think I could shed blood. I saw the old man fall, and heard the shot, but I don't know who fired it any more than you do; and if I was on my death bed I should say the same, Sim. Say half of all the Grange brings me, and let Geraldine off, and you'll lose nothing. Read that, Sim.—just read it."

As Dick Osprey spoke, he thrust a letter into Simeon Blix's hand, and with his habitual movement—his face in his hands, his fingers in his hair—waited in silence.

Sim. took the letter, read it, and tossed it on the table.

"Bother!" he said. "It's just like a woman. Drive 'em one way if you want 'em to go another. Now if you'd said, 'You can't have Sim. Blix,' ten to one she'd have run after me. She wants to be coaxed to have her own way, that's all; makin' a fayver of what an't nothin' but the very thing she wants. 'Take her fortune, and let her be free?' More fool I'd be, when I could have her and the money too. 'Tan't the money, and 'tan't *her*, altogether. It's more'n this, I'm goin' to tell you.

"You see you know how I've risen, and I don't mind. There was a time when I was a tinker's boy, trampin' through mud and mire after my father. Even then, whenever I saw a grand fellow ride past us in his carriage, or mended tins before a great house, I said I'll be a gentleman some day; and I meant it. I would have worked for it day and night, but it was no use. There didn't seem a chance for anything but tinkering. There wouldn't have been, perhaps, if my sister Hagar—we had the same mother, but not the same father—hadn't made big eyes at Henry Grantford, and made him make a fool of himself by marrying her.

"She was a gipsy girl, and told fortunes, and stole chickens, like the rest; but she *was* a beauty. I suppose for a while she took a notion to living like a lady; but she got tired of it, and cut. *That* you know. But while she was Mrs. Grantford of the Grange I feathered my nest. Hagar and I hadn't been too fond of each other. We'd had many a fight. She could use her fists like a boy; and she'd called me many a hard name, and I her. But I caught her petticoat to climb by. I went to your uncle, and says I, 'I'm Hagar's half-brother.' I didn't expect to be taken into the Grange. I wasn't such a fool, brat as I was, but I knew I had a chance somewhere. He put me into the office where I am now—a boy to run errands, and do dirty work. I climbed up slow and sure. When you came I'd got to be a hand at figgers that couldn't be beat, and we was fellow clerks. I've passed you, and I'll be rich some day; but that an't all. I want to be somebody. Henry Grantford, Esq., was somebody; his niece is somebody; you are somebody. You an't worth shucks at business; you are nothin' at figgers; but they say, 'That's Mr. Grantford's nephew,' and get over the rest. When I'm rich I want 'em to say, 'He's connected with the Grantfords; he married that stylish girl at the Grange.' I'd like to date my letters like this here—'The Grange.' I'm bound to do it. There's other places, and other stylish folks; but I an't in with 'em, and I *am* with you. Maybe I'm handsome enough to catch a gal if I wanted; *but*, you see, I know what they call my origin *is* agin me. I know that. They say, 'Who's your father, and who's your mother?' If you answer, 'One went tinkerin' and [illegible] about the States, and t'other went tellin' fortunes and stealin' likewise,' they'd not consider it a credit to you. That's what I thought of that when I came to you, and says I:

"'Dick, you know what I saw and what I know. I've got a notion for your sister Gerry; and if I have her there's a reason I shouldn't say anything to lead to my brother-in-law being hung.'

"You went to her, and she promised there should be——"

"Such a child, Sim.—such a young, innocent girl! How dared we—how could we! I, her brother!"

"Well, you've got her a good husband, Dick. That's no crime. I shan't give her up. I've told you why. And you won't give up the Grange, as you'd have to if Otho was fetched back; and we're a happy family—all united and comfortable. Women are all alike. She don't want me 'cause she's bound to have me, that's all."

"God grant it!" muttered Dick; "and forgive me. But, Sim., the child may return and spoil all."

"Trust Hagar for that," said Sim., "and trust me, too. I'll take care of Otho, if she don't. Your way is clear. You haven't got to do anything but walk into the den of that old What's-his-name that has managed the Grange property ever since it was a property, and have it all settled. Come now—don't look down-hearted. Hurray, or something. Your trouble is about over; and I'm the man you've got to thank for it. As for the girl, I'll do a little extra courtin', and make her good-natured. She's piqued because I've neglected her, no doubt."

Thus Simeon Blix rattled on, and Dick Osprey listened; knowing the truth, knowing his duty, knowing how base the man he listened to really was, but yielding meekly to his fears for his own safety, his longing for a life of indolence and ease, and the innate want of principle and firmness which characterized him.

Sim. Blix had never feared that his plans would fail because of any heroism on Dick's part, but he felt doubly certain of success, when the bright eyes stared helplessly at him, and the nerveless fingers running themselves through the black tresses, shimmered white in the golden gas light; and with a bewildered, dreamy accent, Dick muttered:

"Well, well; it sounds plausible enough; and I'm not going to set up for a saint, after all. The woman *is* his mother, and has the best right to him; and I have the best right to the Grange."

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

"I haven't the slightest doubt his letters have been miscarried."

"Course dey hab, missus."

"And, no doubt, the dear boy has been expecting me for weeks."

"Sure nuff, missus."

"There couldn't be the least difficulty in establishing his claim. He has all the papers necessary, and poor brother has been gone a year. He didn't treat me as he should, Deb., but *I* feel a sister's regret for him. Oh dear! what's that? I'm so nervous!"

"Letting off de steam, missus. Mos' dere, I reckon."

"Yes; my swelling-bottle, Deb. It's in my bag. I'm quite overcome."

"Missus does look obercome, sure nuff."

The speakers occupied two seats in a railway car, which was just entering Pulaski.

They were an elderly lady, with a handsome though faded face, and rather a careless, not to say slovenly travelling-dress, and a very old mulatto woman, dressed in true Southern style, with short skirt, slip-shod shoes, and, by way of bonnet, a great red-and-yellow kerchief wound about her head, standing starched and stiff above it, and tied in a careful bow on the forehead.

The rest of her clothing was dingy, two holes in her stockings exhibited her black heels through the blue worsted, and her shawl had been used for an ironing blanket, and exhibited the scorched imprint of an iron on the back; but this turban was a wondrous specimen of laundress skill, and evidently the pride of the old mulatto woman's heart.

The lady reposed on one seat with her feet on another. The servant sat humbly crouched upon a well-stuffed carpet-bag. Beside her stood a basket, an umbrella, a lunch-box and a little flask. On her knees lay a shawl, a bag and a fan. Thus she had travelled for many weary miles, ministering to the wants of her younger mistress.

The lady, though past middle age, had yet a satin skin, soft, blue eyes, and a wave in her light, brown hair; but she either was, or fancied herself, extremely delicate and helpless. During the journey she had been fanned and shawled and unshawled a thousand times. Every five minutes a window had been opened or shut, something put under her feet, or behind her back. Her smelling-salts handed her; her comforts ministered to in some way; often, as it seemed, only for the sake of giving Deborah the devoted something to do. Even now, when, for some reason, her strongest feelings were excited, she still made them an excuse for a thousand physical wants, which others in like circumstances would have forgotten.

"My fan, Deb. There is the old church steeple—the dear, brown thing. I've been up there many's the time to hear the bell ring, on Fourth of July."

"Lors, now, missus."

"Yes, Deb., when I was a child, before Mr. Peyton courted me. Before I knew what a world of trouble this is. Oh, Deb., that oak was there, and the smithy under it, then. I wonder if Eben File keeps it yet. I suppose not. He would be so very old. My smelling-salts, Deb.; and *do* open the window. Take care of the things we've there. I suppose I can't do better than to go to the hotel awhile, and send for my son. I don't know how matters are exactly. I can't go direct to Grantford Grange."

"Zacly so, missus," said Deb. "Now, missus, take care herself. Bress me! what a poorty place. Lots o' trees and green things; but don't see no niggers. All white folks."

With the others, who stopped at the hotel, the lady descended, followed by her servant, and soon they stood alone, with their baggage about them—quite a formidable array of trunks and bandboxes, all marked, with white letters, B. Peyton.

"I almost wish we hadn't brought the nasty things," said the lady, as she sat down on the largest trunk; "but I couldn't disgrace my son; and who is to know I haven't any clothes to speak of if I don't tell them? This is just as heavy with the old newspapers as though it were full of silk and velvet."

"Lors, Missus will hab plenty silks bymby," said Deb.

"Yes; my son will see that I need nothing. Where is he, I wonder? At the Grange, no doubt; but it is strange I did not receive his letters. Oh, if any harm should have come to the boy. What a silly thing I am, to be sure. Ill news flies too fast for that. I should have heard—I should have heard long ago. And then, though not sturdy, he was always well. Deb., you must call some one to carry these things, and I suppose I shall have to pay anything they ask. We'll go to the hotel. I can see the sign yonder, in the old place. Oh, who is that? I think I know him. It is—no—yes—Mr. Helmstone, is it you?"

The pastor, for he it was, paused as he heard himself addressed and took off his hat.

"You called me by name, I think," he said.

"Yes, but you can't remember me, Mr. Helmstone."

"Not exactly," said the pastor, blandly, "but my little flock has been always dear to me. You are——"

The lady interrupted him.

"Oh, you must go back a long way—thirty years and more. Do you ever remember a wilful, naughty girl they called Beatrice Grantford, who took it into her head to be Beatrice Peyton, and made a moonlight flitting of it one fine night? Little Beatrice, who used to say her catechism to you before she was seven years old, and you called her a little dear. Oh, how time goes! Deb., my smelling salts."

"Beatrice—yes, yes," cried the pastor, clasping her hand in his. "How are you? How are you? Mrs. Helmstone will be rejoiced. And so this is Beatrice. We are all older. How did you know me?"

"I think it was your necktie. You never tied your handkerchief like anybody else," said the lady, "and your face is much the same. You haven't changed like poor me, though your hair is white, and it was only grey then. Dear, dear! My fan, Deb. And now, what about my son?"

"Have you a son? Is he here?" asked the parson, looking about.

"I have only one," said Mrs. Peyton. "Poor Godfrey did not live long, and I've never married again. You've seen him, of course. I told him to be sure that your house was the first he visited."

"I really do not comprehend you," said the pastor. "I'm stupid, no doubt. You say——"

"I say that my son would certainly have esteemed your friendship a favor."

"Dear Mrs. Peyton, I never knew until to-day that you had a son."

The lady clutched his arm, turning deadly pale, even to her lips.

"My son left me to come here months ago," she said. "We never heard of poor brother Henry's death until then, and of course, knowing how the estate is left, you know he is heir to all. We lived in Virginia. He wrote to me from all the stopping places, at last from Pulaski. In that letter he said, 'I am going to-morrow to Grantford Grange. My journey is almost over. I have had some *contretemps* which I will not bore you with until we meet, or I should have been there weeks ago.' Since that I have not heard from him, but I fancied his letters had been miscarried. Oh, Mr. Helmstone, what does it mean?" And Mrs. Peyton, though really faint, forgot to call for her salts.

"Your son may have been here," said Mr. Helmstone. "I suppose he has, but I have not seen him. In fact, it is likely. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Come home with me, Beatrice, if I may call you so still. I'll tell you all I know. Who is the colored lady? Come, Aunty, you'll be welcome, too."

"Never Mind Deb., Mr. Helmstone," faltered the lady. "The things will be safe, girl; only bring the bundles. No one will touch the trunks. Thank you; she don't need any help. Oh! ah, what have you to tell me? But I'll wait until I am under your roof. It's no good news, by your face. Poor, poor boy, where is he?"

And taking the clergyman's arm, Mrs. Peyton suffered herself to be conducted to the parsonage.

At its door Mrs. Helmstone met her, and recognitions over, the clergyman drew the sofa forward, and sitting beside Mrs. Peyton, took her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "for you are a child to me still, some strange things have happened. Changes have taken place of which you know nothing. To begin at the beginning. Your brother's first wife died two years after your departure."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Peyton. "She was a sweet temper. I'll say that for her."

"I think he grieved for her very deeply," said Mr. Helmstone, but he was not one to sit down and sigh. He took to leading a wildish sort of life, turned Nimrod, and had a host of riding, shooting, hunting, billiard-playing gentlemen at the Grange the year round. Of course a widower as rich and fine-looking as he, was considered a match to be sought for, but he took no notice of any lady in the place, and seemed determined to live to the end of his days without contracting a second marriage."

"I should have thought he'd marry within the year," said Mrs. Peyton. "But you never can pretend to know people. Well, sir?"

"He led this life until some nine years ago," continued Mr. Helmstone, "when one autumn he went away from home with a party of gentlemen, and staid away much longer than usual, though he always took a pleasure excursion in the fall. He came back one night. It was past ten o'clock when he rapped at the door of this house.

"'Mr. Helmstone,' said he, when I admitted him, 'I want your services.'

"'And welcome, Henry,' said I.

"'Call up the clerk and light the church,' he said. 'One candle will do. There's to be a wedding there to-night.'

"He was flushed and excited. I think he had had more wine than was good for him, and I fancied he was jesting, but he drew me out on the porch, and there stood a lady.

"'I'm in earnest,' he said. 'This is to be my wife.'

"I asked him in, but he would not come. Until I and Mrs. Helmstone were ready, he stood in the moonlight with his arm around the girl's waist. He kept it there while we crossed the church yard and awoke Abner Jones, the clerk.

"It was a singular affair. Such a wedding was never known. None present but my wife, Abner and myself; and the bride behaved unlike any other bride, and gave her answers with a silly, careless laugh. She was very beautiful, very dark, and not a lady in her manners. People said afterwards that she was a gipsy. She looked it, I'm sure. After the ceremony was over, your poor brother kissed his bride passionately.

"'You are mine now, Hagar,' he said. 'No one can divide us again. People may talk as they like, and think as they like; we will never care. Come home, Hagar.'

"He shook hands with me, leaving a double eagle in mine, and went back to a little carriage (a hired one) that waited for them. And there my story of the wedding ends."

"Henry was deranged, I think," said Mrs. Peyton. "Well, that woman is at the Grange."

"No, my dear child. Many strange things have happened here of late. A year from that day she left the Grange by stealth,—on the day of her child's christening. No harm can have befallen her. She must have departed voluntarily, deserting child and husband without remorse, for she left the babe behind her."

"A girl?" cried Mrs. Peyton.

"No, a boy."

"The direct male heir," cried Mrs. Peyton. "He stands in my dear boy's way. No doubt he discovered that, and returned to Virginia at once; or, desperate from disappointment, has wandered away, or gone to sea, or done something dreadful. Deb., my smelling salts."

Old Mr. Helmstone arose and turned toward the window. He stood there looking out upon the little garden [illegible] minutes, then he returned to the widow.

"Beatrice," he said, "the poor boy—beautiful, loving, little Otho, of whom I had grown so fond, is doubtless dead. He disappeared in the most terribly mysterious manner some weeks ago. His garments were found on the lake shore, and a few days afterwards a little body was washed up. It was terribly disfigured, past all human recognition, but the color of the hair and eyes, and the general proportions, left no doubt in any mind but one that it was that of little Otho Grantford; that one was my wife here."

"Yes, I doubted it, and doubt it still," said Mrs. Helmstone. "I could not think of the poor little corpse as that of Otho. I have no proof, but I feel sure even as I speak, that whether our pretty darling be dead or living, that was not his body. You can't convince me, my dear, say what you will, any more than anyone can convince me that Lionel Malcom would harm the boy.

"Beatrice, my dear, you don't know half the dreadful story yet. They suspect the tutor, a sweet, sweet young man, so handsome and so good, and such a favorite of mine, of the dreadful deed.

"He was incapable of any wicked act, I know, though appearances *are* against him if the child is really dead, and Archibald suffers agonies because he introduced him to the Grange. Why, where, I ask him, could he have found any one better fitted for poor Otho's tutor and friend than Lionel appeared to be; and if we were both to blame in trusting him, we would have been more to blame in doubting him.

"We didn't know who his grandfather was, it's true, nor where he was born; but why should that affect our judgments? It's not Archibald's fault, and he does wrong to think it is, and fret himself into the grave. He's growing thinner every day."

"My dear, I *was* to blame," said the old man, "and I should have known more of Lionel; but I confess my trust in him is unshaken, and my greatest anxiety is for his safety. There are fearful evidences against him—evidences which will be proofs to any jury, I fear; and though I feel and hope that he is innocent, what will that avail? Convicted of so horrible a crime, but one fate awaits him."

Mrs. Peyton listened without emotion. When the old man had done speaking she simply shook her head with an expression of polite condolence on her features, and said cheerfully:

"But if he really has murdered the poor little wretch, there's no one in Howard's way, you know."

"Gracious, Beatrice, you speak as though you'd be glad to know your little nephew had been assassinated," cried Mr. Helmstone.

"My nephew! Well, I declare! How odd! I never thought of that before," said Mrs. Peyton. "So he was. And when we take possession of the Grange I shall wear the deepest black and make Howard put a crape band around his hat. I'm not anxious about the boy now, because I know his disposition so well. He built on being in the position he was born to occupy, and, of course, couldn't act sensibly and come back to tell me the truth like a Christian. However, I'll advertise: 'Howard Peyton is requested to meet his mother at the Grange,' or something of that kind. Poor Otho! So he was my nephew—poor dear child! How many afflictions and bereavements overtake us. I was born to suffer. Deb, fan me—very gently. I really am quite overcome."

At this instant the bell rang, and in a moment or so a servant entered with an envelope, which Mr. Helmstone opened with nervous hands.

"What is it, dear?" asked the old lady.

"The subpœna, Dorothy," replied the clergyman. "I expected it, but it shocks me, and I can be of so little use. My evidence is worth nothing, and yet——"

"And yet may harm poor Lionel," cried the old lady. "Oh, *do* be careful, Archibald. Am I to go also?"

"Yes," replied the husband.

"Very well," said Mrs. Helmstone. "I'll do him some good. I'll tell them how I like him and to look what sweet true eyes he has, and——"

"Dear me!—excuse me for interrupting you," said Mrs. Peyton. "But really I didn't know the wretch was yet to be tried."

"He is *not* a wretch," said Mrs. Helmstone. "Anybody is one who says so."

"Softly, softly, Dorothy," said the old man. "Beatrice never saw him. She judges as I fear all will judge, save you and I."

"Well, if he *did* it, he is a wretch, you know," said Mrs. Peyton. "This Mr.—whatever his name is—is not tried yet, you say; when he is, I want to be there. I've a right to be, for Otho was my nephew. They can't keep me out if they want to. I will feel dreadfully, of course; but it's my duty to go—and I will. Deb, a little more cologne on my handkerchief.

"I suppose you can lend me a bonnet, Mrs. Helmstone; for my own is ruined by the journey; and, to tell the truth, I've been pinched ever since poor Mr. Peyton died; and Howard's education cost me so much that I haven't a decent thing to wear after paying travelling expenses. I don't mind telling you, for I shall be mistress of my son's house so soon now. Poor boy! I wish he were here to-day."

"Dinner, my dear," said Mrs. Helmstone. "The bell is ringing. Take Mrs. Peyton in, will you. Come, Deb., I'll show you the way to the kitchen, and mind you make Martha give you a good meal. You look worn out."

"Oh, Deb. can wait," said Mrs. Peyton. "She always stands behind my chair at dinner."

"She can't now," said the old lady; "she's tired to death. If you want any one to do anything for you it shall be done; but this woman needs rest and her dinner. Come, aunty."

And the door closed behind them.

Mrs. Peyton laughed feebly.

"Ha, ha! How droll. Deb. will begin to think herself a white lady, I expect. What odd ideas you have up North, to be sure!"

And accepting Mr. Helmstone's arm, she allowed him to conduct her to the dining-room, where by this time Mrs. Helmstone had taken her seat at table, and where she rather impatiently listened to a blessing, into which the clergyman almost unconsciously allowed a prayer for the poor prisoner, in whose innocence he so fully believed, to intrude itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAUGHT AT LAST.

"Come along, Stanley; I'll introduce you to one of the prettiest girls in the room."

So saying, Mr. Bell drew his friend's arm through his, and together they picked their way amidst a throng of people towards a young lady, standing near a table, looking at some rare exotics in a vase. A tall, queenly, handsome girl, with jetty hair and bright, dark eyes, that met Frank Stanley's with a questioning, anxious look in them that he did not comprehend. Other young ladies would blush and look down, when the fashionable, not-to-be-caught, Mr. Frank Stanley was presented to them. Miss Mollie Anderson, on the contrary, didn't appear in the least overcome with the manifold charms of our all-conquering hero; she accepted his invitation to dance the next set of quadrilles, just forming, in a quiet, matter-of-fact, half-[illegible] way, as though dancing with Frank Stanleys innumerable had been the business of her life.

Mr. Bell, having effected the introduction, watched the young couple taking their places at the head of the sett, and turned away with a quiet, meaning smile. Mrs. Bell's parties were very pleasant ones, enjoyed equally by young and old; the rooms were never too full, the company always well selected, the music fine, and the suppers unexceptionable.

Mrs. Bell having no children of her own to settle in life, was never so happy as when projecting and helping on matches between her young friends.

For some years Frank Stanley had completely baffled all her well laid, long plotted schemes for him. She had introduced him first to all the girls she became acquainted with. Pretty girls, and rich girls, and girls who united both virtues, were equally powerless. The young gentleman was polite and attentive, but never more so to one than another. In fact, Frank Stanley was cautious and long-headed beyond any young gentleman Mrs. Bell had ever met with. His self-conceit and appreciation of the advantages and position he owned were great; so much so, that mothers and daughters had given up trying to please him in positive despair—declaring that he was too particular, and would never find a girl blessed with the numberless perfections required in the future Mrs. Stanley.

Frank himself never troubled his mind about the matter. He was not blind to the nice little traps set for him by his kind friends, and escaped them all so politely and quietly that no one could even accuse him of a harmless flirtation. The secret of all this was that Mr. Stanley had a mother, a pattern of her sex. Besides, Mr. Stanley was an only child. Mrs. Stanley, perhaps without being aware of the fact, did more to prevent her son from choosing a wife than her friends gave her credit for. Frank was in business for himself, doing well. His parents were in easy circumstances, and having every comfort and luxury in his mother's house, he never thought of, or felt the want of a home of his own. As long as he could remember, he had been surrounded with the little attentions and cares a fond mother can so well bestow. His wishes were studied and gratified; his caprices and whims humored. He was the autocrat in all matters where his advice could be taken. Out of his home it was the same thing. Nothing could be planned or carried out among his chums, unless Stanley had a voice in it. He was wanted on fishing and shooting excursions, pic-nics and boating parties; while invitations for operas, balls, concerts and sociables, crowded his mother's card-basket.

No doubt, had he been poor, and struggling manfully to attain a place in society, his efforts, no matter how deserving, would have remained almost unnoticed. His good looks and easy manner might have helped him on; for in our ball-rooms young men are always at a premium; but the dance over, his company would have remained unsought after until the necessity for gentlemen to fill up a quadrille occurred again. Happily for Frank, he was put in possession of all his advantages, with little or no effort on his part. His father's ample means had smoothed the path of learning for him, and started him in a profitable business. His personal advantages, added to his worldly ones, gave him his place in society. His disposition and temper were good, which was natural. He had never been tried sufficiently to test them. It is easy to be cheerful and good-natured when everything is going on exactly as we would have it.

Several times, when Frank had spoken in high terms of some young lady he had been spending the evening with, Mrs. Stanley had set herself to work to find some antidote for Frank's admiration. She generally managed to discover some disadvantage or other connected with either the young girl herself or one of the family. It is rather difficult to find a young lady not only faultless herself, but belonging to a family whose every member possesses the same virtue. So far, neither Mrs. Stanley nor her son had attained what they required. Mrs. Stanley was not in every particular actuated by love for her paragon of a son, and his welfare. She feared a rival in her house. What should she do, with a young, handsome daughter-in-law usurping her place in Frank's affections, and perhaps causing a break in the family; for the house was hers, and she was determined to be mistress of it while she lived. Was it not to be expected that Frank would fit up a little home of his own, and leave her and his father to their own society for the rest of their days. Therefore, Mrs. Stanley, while trying to blind herself to her own selfish desires, deceived none of her outside acquaintances, who, one and all, read her motives, and saw through her excuses with equal readiness.

On the night of Mrs. Bell's party, Mrs. Stanley was safe at home, and Frank was busy studying Miss Mollie Anderson's bright eyes and novel character. Never in his life had he met such an indifferent, self-possessed young lady. She took his attentions as if she wished him in Jericho, and piqued him by giving her attention to what was taking place in the room, instead of having ears and eyes for no one but him. She made several mistakes in the dance, and completely destroyed the effect of his steps, and he particularly prided himself on his way of going through the Lancers. He certainly felt mortified at being put out in this way, but she didn't gratify him by excusing herself; on the contrary, she didn't notice what she had caused by her blunders.

She totally refused to try the polka or gallop with him, giving as an excuse her want of practice in fancy dances. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, she attracted him, and charmed him by her remarks, for, though few and far between, they were worth hearing. He discovered, before the end of the evening, that she was a distant connection of Mrs. Bell's, making her first visit to New York from some small town in Connecticut. The next morning he described her to his mother at the breakfast table, and rather startled that good lady by the minute description he gave of her dress, appearance and manners. Mrs. Stanley appeared very much interested. Opposition was not her weapon of defence. She mentally made up her mind, however, to pay Mrs. Bell a visit, and inspect with her own eyes this new attraction of Frank's.

About the same hour Mrs. Bell and Mollie Anderson sat lingering over the breakfast table, trifling with its contents. Mr. Bell had left for down town, and the two ladies were tired after the exertions of the previous night. If Mollie looked pretty the night before, in full party dress, in her neat morning wrapper she could not be said to deserve the title less. Her eyes were not very bright, owing to the late hours and want of sleep, but her massive coils of hair, twisted round the handsome head, were a sight for all admirers of that useful ornament.

"Now, Mollie, don't despair," Mrs. Bell was saying. "I tell you that accomplishments and beauty, that is, of an extraordinary kind, are quite thrown away on Mr. Stanley. Now I'll prove it to you. Last winter, I had a young lady here on a visit with me for three months, and more than one thought that Frank was caught at last. I never met such a girl. She was as beautiful as one of the heroines in the old romances, and accomplished far beyond any girl in the circle of my acquaintances. Well, what did it all amount to? Her family was really one to be proud of, perfectly unexceptionable, and what do you suppose Mrs. Stanley found as an excuse for Frank not trying to keep her here? Why, 'her family was so large—three brothers and a sister—poor Frank would have them all on his hands to take care of and provide for.' Mrs. Stanley managed to break off the intimacy, and Frank is still as far from matrimony as ever."

"I wonder," laughed Mollie, "what Mrs. Stanley would think of my family? Why, there are ten of us."

"A fact," said Mrs. Bell, "that you must keep to yourself; just let me have charge of Mrs. Stanley. I know that if Frank mentioned you at all to her, she'll be here to-day to find out all about you. Just leave her to me; and if you admire Mr. Stanley, don't refuse his attentions."

"The idea of my attacking him," laughed Mollie again. "My private impression of him is, that he is a regular flirt, and that novelty is the only attraction for him. So good by, auntie, I'm going up to get ready for a walk; my head aches furiously."

Mollie left the room; and Mrs. Bell, in spite of Mollie's declaration to the contrary, commenced revolving in her head a plan whereby Mollie was to become Mrs. Frank Stanley.

In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Stanley arrived, and was introduced to Miss Anderson. She was quite puzzled, wondering what Frank found to admire in this young girl. It was not to be denied that she was handsome and agreeable; but she was nothing more as far as Mrs. Stanley could discover. She sat quiet, only replying when asked a direct question. "Did she play?" No, she had never learned, having no taste for it. "Did she sing?" No, she had no voice for singing. "Was she fond of dancing?" Not very. "Did she like amusements, such as theatres, concerts, operas?" Not at all; she preferred home and a book. As far as Mrs. Stanley could learn, she was a yielding, rather timid girl, without money, without many friends; only her beauty and her knowledge of housekeeping and domestic matters to recommend her. Mrs. Stanley went home quite easy in her mind; there was no danger there. Frank might like her very well as a friend to pass a pleasant evening with once in a while; but he had other ideas of what his wife should be.

Thus it happened that as the days and weeks went over, Mrs. Stanley didn't trouble herself any about Miss Anderson; and when Frank would remark in a casual manner that he had been "down to Mrs. Bell's the night before," she mentally concluded that that at least was a very safe place. What was her surprise when, one morning, Frank pushed aside his plate and quietly informed his parents that he was engaged to Miss Anderson, and would like them to call on her that evening and welcome her as their future daughter.

So it turned out that Miss Anderson had won the coveted prize. Her indifference had piqued him and excited in him the determination to make her like him. Before he wished it, or was prepared for it, he discovered that in trying to gain her heart he had lost his own. He proposed and was accepted. Mrs. Bell was jubilant, and took a great deal of the credit to herself.

Mrs. Stanley, having recovered her surprise, set about making the best of it. After all, she reasoned, perhaps Frank had done better than if his choice were a rich, accomplished girl, with a large family to be always interfering and meddling. This girl, she thought, being poor, without influential connections, fond of home and domestic affairs, unaccomplished, timid and yielding, would be satisfied to live under her rule and management. So she went about the necessary arrangements, in the house and out. She patronized her future daughter in the kindest manner; invited her to her house, introduced her to all her friends, and was becoming daily more and more satisfied with Frank's choice.

Meantime Mollie was all that could be desired—gracefully yielding, on all occasions, her own pet wishes to the wiser ones of her future mother-in-law.

"Give her her own way, Mollie," Mrs. Bell would remark, "your turn will come one of these days."

When the question of a bridesmaid came up, Mrs. Bell made some remarks about Mollie's family at home, from which Mrs. Stanley gathered that they hadn't time or money to come up for the wedding; only Mr. and Mrs. Anderson would be present of the bride's family. Mrs. Stanley, therefore, chose a bridesmaid herself, and Mollie was perfectly satisfied.

The ceremony over, the young couple returned home. The bride left everything in Mrs. Stanley's hands; she chose her dresses, named her visiting acquaintances, and for three months carried everything her own way. Then the passive, obedient young wife, strong in the possession of her husband's heart, commenced to show signs of having a will of her own. She had a very sweet voice. Mrs. Bell advised her to have it cultivated—her husband was so passionately fond of music. Mrs. Stanley rather disliked the idea; it was expensive; and, if her husband had been satisfied with her without the accomplishment, what was the necessity of spending hours in acquiring it, that might better be devoted to household affairs. Mollie appealed to her husband, and carried her point. Mrs. Stanley was offended, not so much with the cause of dispute, as with the idea of her advice being thrown away and disregarded.

By little and little the breach grew wider between the two ladies. There was no outward quarreling; only Mollie, by firmness and quietness, always succeeded in having her own way. Frank always took his wife's part if it came to an open argument. And, before the year was out, the young couple were established in a neat little house of their own, where Mollie was sole and undisputed mistress, and where one of her family was always on a visit. Mrs. Stanley was shocked at the endless train of brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, and dear old friends, that Frank and Mollie were ever entertaining. The worst of it was that Frank actually liked them all, and took a particular fancy to Mollie's elder brother John.

The next thing was that Frank took John into business with him, and gave him a room in his house.

Everything came about so quietly, that Mrs. Stanley had no chance to find fault. If Mollie was at the root of all this, she was such an invisible influence that Mrs. Stanley had no one to take to task but Frank himself. However, his shoulders were broad enough to bear all her remonstrances at the doings of his wife and her family. She became almost tired of fault-finding, and made up her mind that she had lost her son, according to the old proverb.

Frank prospered in business in spite of all Mollie's relatives; and as one by one the younger branches of the Anderson family arrive at his house, he finds openings for the boys, and Mollie brings the girls out in society, and has succeeded in settling two of them to their great satisfaction. Mrs. Bell considers that her talent for match-making is on the increase, and never visits Mollie without congratulating herself, when she leaves, on her successful game of chess with Mrs. Stanley.

KING BENI-KOLEIB'S BEQUEST

A LEGEND OF KORACAN.

BY SCOTT R. SHERWOOD.

The Sultan of Iran, who had been married one hundred and thirty-nine times within the past year, gaping terribly, observed to Tumtule, his last wife:

"Essence of Jasmine, thou Perfume of May Roses, I have discharged one hundred and thirty eight wives during the last twelve-month, because neither could teach me anything new: don't you know of something that might distract me?"

"I can think of nothing, Light of Nichabom," responded the favorite, "but a story narrated to me by my grandmother in my childhood."

"Then let us have it, Queen of my Soul; open wide the windows and speak aloud, for if the story tires me it will certainly amuse my people, who are passionately fond of fables."

Tumtule opened the windows, and after humming thrice to clear her voice, commenced the following tale:

* * * * * *

"There once upon a time reigned in Koracan a king, who was skilful and thoroughly versed in the science of astronomy, which circumstance did not prevent his being a good and wise ruler. The poet Bal-Jemez, who has sung the glories of his reign, assures us that his virtues may be positively ascribed to his love of that study, because his habit of looking on high interdicted his mingling in the wretched intrigues of the world below. Again, the philosopher Koul-Kakiaci pretends that he daily read in the stars what would happen on the morrow; yet neither of these stories is authenticated.

"The king of whom I speak, whom they called Beni-Koleib (the Savor of Honey), was by no means ignorant of what was going on in the world, and certainly could not read from the stars, for the simple reason that nothing is written on high. It was a principle with him to let things take their natural course, and to make his subjects do right without their perceiving his agency in the administration of justice, for he often said nothing could be accomplished by arbitrary measures, and the hand of a benefactor, if wisely guided, should always be a hand of iron, in order to make itself felt.

"At all events, his people were very happy and prayed to Allah to prolong the life of their sovereign. Throughout the realms of Beni-Koleib, his capital city of Mesched was known as the 'Darul-Ibadet,' which means the 'Home of the Flowers.' To this city his subjects resorted from far and near to participate in the festival of Mimoun Bazoud, which took place every season. Here they enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, without fear or constraint. In fact, every one did pretty much as he pleased. Whoever wished mingled in the dance, and if any one started a song the crowd would take their cue and merrily unite in the chorus.

"'Join in the dance and enjoy yourselves, my children,' the king, who frequently mingled with his people on these occasions, was accustomed to say; 'these fetes are ordained for your particular pleasure. They were established to banish care from your minds—to do away with vicious amusements and drunkenness—to dissipate ill-will and melancholy.' And when he had said this the dance was renewed with augmented vivacity and the song rose grandly from a thousand throats.

"When the fetes were over every one would return to his or her work, and nothing but the cheerfulness of the subjects of the good king was left to denote that a festival had ever transpired. It was an idiosyncracy of the Meschedians that each man minded his own business.

"At the time of which we speak, it was the practice in the royal city of Teheran to periodically weigh out the food daily required to sustain body and soul. In the same place everybody was compelled to carry crutches and thus support the appearance of being lame, whilst they were also directed by law to wear their breeches short and full about the hips.

"It so happened that an occasional stricture of the latter city upon the habits of its neighbor would turn the other upside down, or rather throw it into the greatest excitement and confusion. An incident of this kind once came very near provoking a war between the Teheranians and Meschedians. The circumstance was as follows:

"One of the councillors of the king of Teheran published a pamphlet in which he ridiculed the inconvenience and appearance of the habit of the Meschedians. This man had just returned from a pleasure trip to Mesched, and he took advantage of the opportunity presented in his essay to eulogize the garments of his own city and to dwell upon the admirable effect produced as the king Tuftuli passed his subjects in review on the grand square at Teheran. Notwithstanding this pamphlet produced a wonderful sensation, and won for its author an eminent place at the court, it did not prevent the Meschedians dressing as before. Still it caused so much irritation in Koracan that one day a band of traders attacked and routed a party of Teheran camel drivers, and tore their breeches in shreds from their backs.

"This circumstance terribly enraged king Tuftuli, who immediately doubled the duties upon imports from Koracan, raised an army of one hundred thousand men and despatched an ambassador to Mesched to demand the heads of the guilty parties.

"Beni Koleib responded that for a half-dozen taterdemalians he did not see the necessity of decapitating three times as many of his own subjects, or of plunging into a bloody and protracted war; at the same time he reminded Tuftuli that he had not demanded the head of the councillor who was at the bottom of this trouble, and remarked that he would be unwilling to surrender the heads of a few rash and unthinking subjects. Yet he assured the king that if they would respect the Meschedians at Teheran, the people of the latter city would be respected in Mesched.

"Tuftuli did not relish the response. He bit his moustache, cursed the name of Allah, walked his palace nervously back and forth for three days and nights, tripled the duties, and levied another hundred thousand men; but he did not go out of the country.

"So the affair rested here, and the Meschedians blessed the wisdom of their king.

"In his poem of 'Mouffarik al Kouloub,' (meaning 'The Book of Hearts'), the philosopher Koul-Kakiaci mentions a trait of King Beni-Koleib, which denotes the excellence of his judgment.

"There existed in Koracan a great number of religious sects, between whom the disputes which arose were frequent. Beni-Koleib concerned himself but little with them; yet every year, during the festival of Mimoun-Bazoud, he would invite to dine with him the most prominent theologians of the different sects. Before commencing the repast, each would say grace at table according to his particular creed; for example, one would recite a Hebrew prayer, while another would repeat the orison of Mahomet, and others again would eschew both for the prayers of their particular faiths. In one particular, however, they all agreed: that was in the choice of warm food and cool drinks, and [illegible] hoped to reconcile them; but he did not succeed.

One morning his prime minister rushed precipitately into his presence.

"'What brings you here at this hour?' inquired Beni-Koleib.

"'Sire, the sect of Djizirbech is assuming such proportions that it has already begun to encroach upon the ceeed of the disciples of Allah, which is the most ancient in the realms. The chief priest Souwar-Oglon has just submitted to me a plan for arresting the progress of this growing evil. He thinks it would be wise to arrest the principal followers of Djizirbech, lock them up in some palace, and set fire thereto. This would be not only an occasion of rejoicing for Allah, but a source of content to all pious hearts. And what is more, it would assure your majesty of a good seat in Heaven.'

"'The chief priest is mad,' replied the king. 'The cause of the irritation of the one sect against the other is the constant presence of both in the streets of Mesched. The best course, therefore, to pursue, is the one I now prescribe, which is that the priests of these sects shall remain in their mosques.'

"All applauded this measure excepting the Imans of the two sects, which, deprived of the privilege of again appearing in public, consented to live harmoniously, on condition they should be left to go about as before, and march in the same processions. After that there were more wonderful processions, in which the diversity of costumes produced the strangest effects upon the beholder, and where each of the numerous orders displayed the peculiarity of its different attire.

"They all sang the praises of king Beni-Koleib, who let them take possession of the public square, where they all prayed for their sovereign. But despite the good acts of the latter, and the numerous prayers that were uttered in his behalf, there at length came an hour when it all availed nothing to withhold Beni-Koleib from rendering to Allah the life he had received from him.

"The king, feeling his last moments to be approaching, summoned to his bedside his two sons, in order to communicate to them his last wishes."

* * * * * *

"This narrative is rather improbable," interrupted the drowsy Sultan of Iran.

"And have I not told you, sun of Tebsig," answered Tumtule, "that it is only a legend?"

"Ah! I had forgotten, down of the peach; proceed."

* * * * * *

"I was remarking, then," continued Tumtule, resuming her tale, that the king sent for his two sons.

"These sons resembled one another in nothing. Thus, Fetzullah, the eldest, was of a passionate nature, while his brother Tekeli had a mild temper. The first derived little pleasure from the society of scholars, whereas the second sought it. Fetzullah excelled in wrestling, playing cards, putting in a last word, thrusting with the sword and throwing with the sling, in all of which respects he differed from Tekeli.

"The day on which they were summoned by their father, the councillors of state were assembled in the room next to the royal chamber, where they were watching with anxiety the fate of their king, and addressing to him words of condolence.

"'Allah has endowed you with many graces, effendis,' said Fetzullah, before they had done, 'but when I am the head of the realm, you will have to run more and talk less. I like neither cripples who lost the use of their legs, nor blabbers.' Anything unexpectedly into their midst, he turned many of them head over heels from their seats.

"This act scandalized every one present, and Tekeli appeared much afflicted by its occurrence."

* * * * * *

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the sultan, laughing aloud. "This Fetzullah is a jolly dog who interests me much. My grandmother's story pleases me, chalice of joy."

"Mahomet be pleased, essence of reason!" And Tumtule continued.

* * * * * *

"'My sons,' said the king to the two princes, 'I am about to die, and I have summoned you hither to ascertain your intentions.'

"'What would you do, Fetzullah,' inquired the king of that prince, 'should I leave to you the care of my kingdom?'

"'Father, I would conscript all the subjects of your empire, and unite them firmly as a bundle of javelins, in the fashion and form of a formidable legion, by the aid of which I would subjugate all the people of Asia.'

"'And you, Tekeli?'

"'Me? I would enlist but half your subjects, so that from those remaining at home I might keep filled the ranks of those at war, and that during their absence Koracan might not be overcome by her neighbors.'

"'This is all I wished to know, my children; and now listen to my last words. When I am dead, my body will be deposited in the tomb of the Mosque of Hakim. Hither you will attend it, and pray forty days and nights. On the seventh day, before dawn, when the moon of Ramazan has reached the height of the Ursa Major, you will read above my tomb the name of my successor, engraved in letters of fire.'"

II.

"When the king had died, the two brothers resorted for prayers to the Mosque of Hakim. Here they prayed for two days and two nights. The third day Fetzullah said to Tekeli:

"'Brother, he whom we lament was esteemed the most worthy of men. He unquestionably occupies a good seat near the throne of Allah, and our prayers will be of little moment or avail. Let us, therefore, go forth from this abode of death, and enjoy the light of the sun; we can return on the sixth day to ascertain who will be king of Koracan.'

"'Alas!' responded Tekeli, 'we should always observe the last wishes of the dead.'

"'Remain, then, if you will,' replied Fetzullah. 'As for me, I must go. Ismick, the daughter of the amber-merchant, has made an appointment for me this evening, and I would not miss it for anything.'

"'Allah will punish thee, my brother.'

"Fetzullah arose without answering, and ascended the first flight of stairs leading from the tomb of the Mosque.

"As he reached the last step, he saw standing before him, in the dim light, a human figure, and he heard a voice inquire:

"'Whither goest thou, ungrateful son?'

"'What business is that of thine, and who art'st thou?'

"'I am Nyctuis, the goddess who dispenses to mortals daylight and darkness, light and shade, falsehood and truth; in my left hand I hold a tuft of black hair, and in my right a tuft of light, wherewith I regulate the hours; if you take another step, I will plunge you into everlasting night!'

"'Thou liest, woman!' responded Fetzullah, 'and I laugh at thy threats.'

"Nyctuis extended her arms towards the prince; but he, with the agility of a fawn, threw himself upon her, and forcing her to the earth, wrested from her left hand the tuft of black hair, and fled, bolting behind him the door of the vault. [illegible] where he found the council assembled.

"'Abandon your vain deliberations,' exclaimed he, on entering, 'and salute your king. At the same time, bid adieu to the day; it is I who regulate here the light and shade. An angel appeared to me in the Mosque, and said: "Fetzullah, take this tuft of black hair, and govern wisely the people whom Allah has entrusted to thy care!" Then she disappeared, carrying aloft with her my brother Tekeli.'

"'The name of Allah be praised!' cried all the concillors in chorus.

"Fetzullah then held forth with his hand the tuft of black hair, and the entire realms were plunged into complete obscurity.

"First and foremost the greatest confusion prevailed, each man hastening to secure his treasure, (for money is the absorbing aim of most men,) and to conceal it out of reach, without breathing a word, fearful otherwise of awaking the cupidity of his neighbor.

"Fetzullah next promulgated an edict, which declared that he contemplated no evil to any one, and that, therefore, all the subjects of his realms would be privileged to carry torches of resin, which would be far more agreeable to the eye than the sun, dazzling sometimes and obscured at others.

"Some voices wished to protest against this edict; but the near-sighted, who were at that time in the majority in Koracan, by reason of a recent epedemic, prevented their being heard, exclaiming:

"'Long live Fetzullah, our magnanimous king!'"

* * * * * *

"Ah! the turn is pleasant," said the Sultan of Iran. "But tell me, light of my soul, what became of Tekeli, for the poor boy has interested me."

"What became of him, brave king, I am about to narrate."

And Tumtule continued.

* * * * * *

"When Fetzullah had thrown Nyctuis to the ground, the body of the unfortunate goddess rolled down the steps of the staircase, and rebounded in the middle of the tomb.

"If Prince Tekeli was surprised at the noise and the strange circumstance, he was yet more astonished at the extraordinary and beautiful countenance, which he beheld enveloped by a flood of light. I will not even attempt to conceal from your highness that he felt his heart to be seriously affected, and that he avowed it, for the first time in his life, despite the sanctity of the place.

"'And who art'st thou?' asked he, rising. 'My eyes have rested on many women; but my heart has never before been touched by their looks. How is it that I have not been able to see you without loving?'

"Nyctuis blushed like a simple mortal, and, without striving to hide from the Prince her rank or quality, she related to him her adventure with Fetzullah.

"Tekeli resented the conduct of his brother with sincere and profound grief and chagrin. At length he exclaimed:

"'O, goddess of light, if you will become my wife, I will pledge myself to avenge this outrage!'

"'If I retained the tuft of black hair,' responded Nyctuis, 'I would profit by its possession to keep thy cart in obscurity for some time; but the light is so overpowering here that it would be folly to attempt to dissimulate my love. It is Allah who sent me to thee, saying: 'Go! Tekeli is worthy of thee.'

"The Prince threw himself at her feet and covered them with kisses.

"'Raise thyself,' spake the goddess to him, 'and behold the words of thy father inscribed in letters of fire above yon arch.'

"Tekeli lifted his eyes and read these oracular words:

"'*Whoever shall restore light to my people will be worthy of the throne of Koracan.*'

"'But what is that?' observed the Prince, designating other and smaller letters engraved on the tomb.

"'Those are verses containing in a few words a complete resume of human science.'

"'It is not science that will secure thy love,' replied Tekeli; and he threw himself again at the feet of the goddess.

"'Prince,' observed Nyctuis to him, in a tone of reproach, 'I am confident that you love me, and I love you not the less; but if you would be worthy of me, set yourself to the labor of learning what is written on the wall. It will hereafter be of service incalculable to thee.'

"Tekeli commenced the work, perhaps with some reluctance; but in a few hours he had achieved the task, leaving which he flew into transports of joy.

"The Prince and the goddess conversed of their love for a long time, for the theme is one not easily relinquished where eyes look love to eyes that lovingly respond.

"Tekeli would probably be still engrossed in the subject if Nyctuis had not said: 'You forget, my beloved, that you have promised to avenge me; that the people of Koracan are oppressed; and that we alone can save them.'

"'Let us endeavor to escape, then,' said the Prince, sighing.

"After searching every corner of the tomb, they finally struck upon and discovered a subterranean issue, in which, upon groping their way for some time, they reached, at a great distance, the open country. Tekeli carried the white tuft of Nyctuis concealed in his girdle, that they might not be recognized.

"They were travelling, therefore, in obscurity when they encountered a man.

"'What are you doing?' inquired the Prince.

"'I am planting betel-nuts,' responded the man.

"'And wherefore plantest thou the betel-nut?'

"'To chew it and make myself drunk. I am otherwise miserable.'

"'Thou must have cause to be sad, then?'

"'What matters it to thee?'

"'Nothing; but tell me who you are, for it seems to me I have heard thy voice before.'

"'I am the old man Vrachori, the ancient friend of King Beni-Koleib.'

"'And I am his son, Tekeli,' replied the Prince.

"'Thou art'st a silly impostor. The son of King Beni-Koleib has been spirited away by a messenger from heaven, and to-day abides with Allah.'

"'Whoever has told thee this has lied!'

"And Tekeli partially uncovered the white tuft in his girdle in order that he might be recognized by Vrachori.

"The old servitor threw his arms around the Prince, and exclaimed, with a choked voice:

"'What can I do for thee, son of my regretted master?'

"'Conduct my betrothed, Nyctuis, and myself to Mesched.'

"'Do you know what you ask? The palace of Fetzullah is guarded by forty dragons, and you are without arms."

"'I have light which will vanquish the shade,' firmly responded Tekeli.

"'Oh! oh! Light!' said the old man, shaking his head. 'There are men who would doubt the evidence and refuse to see the sun. I but yesterday heard an iman who said the great planet had acted wisely in hiding its light under a bushel. Let us go to Mesched, if you wish, my Prince; but have faith in my devotion, and let me carry with us my blood-hound, [illegible] does not love the dragons, and is [illegible]

"Vrachori called his dog, whom they all admired, as he guided them on their way towards the city of Mesched.

"What they saw, or rather what they did not see, but heard, all along the route, is something truly remarkable. They were informed that the principal occupation of Fetzullah was giving orders that no one should speak of what all the world conversed; then in promulgating new orders that the former should not be referred to; then, again, he added to these supplementary orders defending the putting forth of the defence made in speaking of the defence discharged. Many complained of the excessive surveillance with which he governed them; but the greater number would have consented willingly to see the whole world sequestrated, in order to be the more secure.

"When the travellers arrived at the gate of Lulucy, which opens on the great square of Mesched, they saw a large concourse assembled.

"What means this?' inquired Tekeli.

"'King Fetzullah has promised to restore light,' replied the crowd. 'Long live the good king Fetzullah!'

"'Light!' cried Tekeli. 'Here it is.'

And he drew from his girdle a tuft of white hair. Immediately the sun shone, even into the palace where the king was engaged in everything but that which pertained to the promise he had made.

"The forty dragons rushed furiously upon the square; but the daylight blinded them so that they became confused, and mingled in a quarrel among themselves until they were annihilated.

"Fetzullah, seeing the fate of his faithful dragons and the triumph of Nyctuis, threw himself on his sword, while the councillors and the populace exclaimed in chorus:

"The name of Allah be blessed!'

"Tekeli and Nyctuis, his betrothed, entered the palace amid the acclamations of the crowd. If the latter were joyous, it was in no small measure owing to the fact of their having been undeceived. Indeed, many of the Meschedians, who entertained perfect confidence in one-another, clearly saw the numerous monstrosities by which they had been deluded like children, and well calculated, under ordinary circumstances, to disgust mankind with their fellows."

* * * * * *

When Tumtule finished her story, the Sultan, who had been sleeping about a quarter of an hour, awoke, exclaiming, while he rubbed his eyes and yawned:

"The tale affords some recreation; but what is there to prove it?"

Then, even as it is affirmed in the memories of the princess dowager of Trebizond, he fell asleep again, rose, washed himself, breakfasted, smoked, dined, supped, and the people of Iran blessed the wisdom of his administration.

* * * * * *

"Ah! ah!" about three days after exclaimed the Sultan, who at length saw the drift of the tale, "a prince in love with light and wisdom! What nonsense you have been repeating, perfume of Metheglin!"

"Nonsense! Nay, my good lord, for you also are a lover of that light which ignorance obscures as night does the rays of the sun."

—Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow.

WIT AND HUMOR.

How to Make a Horse Grow.—"That's a tarnation tall horse," said Laidlaw. "Yes. I guess you can't account for it," replied Jonathan. "No how," said Laidlaw. "He belongs to Hummins, the livery-man," replied Jonathan, "and his tallness comes through his having been regularly *higher'd* (hired) every day for the last seven years."

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?" "O, I is a carp'ner and jiner." "He! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?" "What department? Why, I does de circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I turns de grindstone." "G'way."

Sir John Irwin was a favorite with George III., who once observed to him: "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your majesty have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

On examining some new flowers in the garden of the Reverend Sydney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed: "O, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

The editor of an exchange paper says he knows a man who, on going out of a house, stumbled over a dog in the entry, fell, and broke his nose. He attempted to kick the dog, but missed him, kicked over a hatstand, put his ankle out of joint, and was laid up three months.

A person out west is offering for sale grass-seed gathered from the path of rectitude. A religious cotemporary fears that the path must be sadly overgrown with grass, as it is so little travelled now-a-days.

A gentleman, entering a ball-room, accidentally tripped over the feet of several ladies. Gracefully recovering himself, he exclaimed, with a smile: "In all my classical course I never met with so many *feet* in a line!"

A "stuck-up" sort of a genius entered a store in the Bowery, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed: "Are those apples fit for a hog to eat?" "I don't know; try them and see," was the instant reply of the storekeeper.

Never let people work for you gratis, says an ancient philosopher. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate; one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very earnestly, "How big is your lot?"

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?" "'Cause one of the sneaking, plaguey things grew near our schoolhouse, and supplied master with switches."

Many people, when they experience the slightest tinge of illness, betake themselves to bed. They most probably think they will alleviate their pain by using a counter-pane.

"Hold your tongue for a fool," said an Irishman to his wife. "Then you'll be after speaking?" was the cutting reply.

Somewhere down East they make coffee so *weak* that it has to be set on a chair to rest. They must have that coffee *weekly*.

A young man says: "When I went to see a lady, and unexpectedly found half a dozen, I was *mistaken*."

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to a school-master when he gave him a thrashing.

"The smiles of home are exceeding pleasant," but there are many people who have good homes who prefer "smiling" with a friend outside.

It is not the false teeth which should be objected to, but the false tongue behind them.

Side issues—cash from the breeches pocket.

CURRENT ITEMS.

[illegible] town was detected, a few days since, in a course of swindling, which he has been carrying on for a long time in connection with some outside confederates. The latter would buy a bill of goods at the store, and in putting up the articles the clerk would put up and deliver to them a great many more goods than they bought. In this way he had helped to rob his employers of hundreds of dollars' worth of merchandise, and the trick was only found out by accident at last, by another clerk (who was an honest one) happening to observe that a package of clothing done up for delivery by the thief to his confederates, was altogether too large for the quantity of goods which had been bought. This led to the guilty clerk's being watched, and his detection soon followed.

Quite an excitement was occasioned in the vicinity of the big Croton Reservoir in the Central Park, the other day, by a man's attempting to leap into its crystal bosom. His movements having attracted the attention of the police, his efforts to desecrate the waters of the reservoir were happily frustrated. It was curious to observe that nobody among the crowd which the occurrence had caused to gather round seemed to care for, or even think of, the probable fate of the man in case he had succeeded in plunging into the depths of the reservoir, but all were indignant at the idea of "a fellow's spoiling so much water" for drinking purposes.

A couple of carmen got into a quarrel in Cliff street, the other day, in regard to the obstruction of the street so that neither of them could pass, each of them insisting that it was the other's fault, and that "*he*" must back out, &c. At last one of them struck the other's horse, whereupon the owner of the smitten horse seized one of his car stakes, and knocked the striker off of his cart onto the pavement, inflicting a dangerous hurt on the head. The injured man was put on his cart and driven to the hospital, while the other was held to bail to await the issue of the wounded man's injuries.

On Thursday morning last, a couple of men who were crossing the East river in a row boat, got into a quarrel, and commenced pommelling one another with the oars. As they were absorbed in that work, the boat drifted across the bows of a schooner that was coming down the river under sail, and was run down. The schooner was hove-to as soon as possible, a boat was lowered, and by great efforts the two men were rescued just in time, as it was thought that in a minute more they would have been beyond the reach of help.

Jacob Verrehn, a sailor on board an English ship in the harbor, fell through the hatchway of the vessel to the hold, and his head coming in contact with an iron rod, the latter pierced his skull and penetrated the brain about three inches. The unfortunate man was supposed to be mortally injured, but after the iron rod was withdrawn from his brain he came to his senses, and did not seem to be at all troubled by the wound, beyond the pain which it caused him, and at last accounts he was considered wholly out of danger.

A woman about sixty years old, who lived in Mulberry street, becoming enraged at a couple of her grandchildren—one a boy of four, and the other a girl of six years of age—resorted to the fiendish mode of pouring hot water upon them as a punishment. The shrieks of the children brought several persons into the room, who soon put an end to the grandmother's proceeding. The children were badly scalded on the head and neck; but the perpetrator of the outrage was allowed to go unwhipped of justice.

A woman, and her babe about four months old, were found in a starving condition in a rear tenement house in Baxter street, on Saturday morning last. The woman was too ill even to get out to beg. She had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, and her nourishment for the babe had of course given out. The unfortunate creatures were properly cared for.

A little girl about six years old was run over in the Bowery, near the corner of Rivington street, on Thursday of last week, by a butcher's cart, and both of her arms, and one of her ribs on the left side, were broken. The driver of the cart dashed ahead and escaped arrest. The child was taken home.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

PRICE OF THE LEDGER, SIX CENTS.

The trade price of the LEDGER is as follows: To all dealers taking one thousand copies or more, 4¼ cents a copy; to all other dealers, 4⅓ cents. This will enable all dealers throughout the country to retail the LEDGER at six cents, except in some distant places, in the extreme West, where dealers may have to charge seven cents a copy, on account of the increased cost of freight, but in all the great Atlantic cities and towns the LEDGER will be sold at six cents. We do not supply country dealers direct from the office. They can get their supplies from any of the following wholesale agents, at the above rates: AMERICAN NEWS CO., 119 Nassau street; ROBERT M. DEWITT, 13 Frankfort street; WILLIAM SKELLY, 280 Greenwich street.

Our subscription price is $3 a year for single copies. For club rates see "Our Terms" below.

THE POET COWPER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

It is a strange story, the life of William Cowper. He was one of the sweetest and truest of poets; yet, even while writing his best poems, he was a veritable madman.

He was born in 1731. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, was a member of a powerful and ancient family; and his mother was descended, through a distinguished line of ancestors, from Henry III., King of England. He was a shy, sensitive, *mother's* boy, peculiarly needing and craving a mother's tenderness; but when he was six years of age she died suddenly at the age of thirty-four. Fifty years after, he said that scarcely a day had passed since her death in which he had not thought of her; "such was the impression her tenderness made upon me." In one of the most exquisite of his short poems he says:

"I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu."

The death of his mother was the more a calamity to him because it led to his being sent away from home to a boarding school. In English boarding schools of that day it was the established custom for the larger boys to tyrannize over the younger ones, compelling them to black their shoes, bring up water for them, and go of errands. If a small boy complained to one of the teachers, he would be so unmercifully ridiculed, so despised as a coward and tell-tale, that he could scarcely endure his life. Nor would the teacher interfere, unless the ill-treatment had been such as to endanger life or health. Consequently, the most agonizing cruelties could be inflicted upon a timid, small boy, and kept up even for years, without any one knowing it who could put a stop to it. Such was the fate of William Cowper, when, at the tender age of six, he found himself [illegible] a tumultuous crowd of boys older than himself.

One great brute, aged fifteen, singled him out for systematic torture. It was the regular amusement of this boy to torment him. "His savage treatment of me," wrote the poet, "impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and that I knew him better by his shoe buckles than by any other part of his dress." The recollection of that period was so painful to him that he could not prevail upon himself to write out a detail of the particular acts of barbarity of which he had been the object. These cruelties were practised in secret for two whole years, and the little gentleman had too much of the pride of his class to tell of them. At length, however, they were discovered, the monster was expelled from the school, and Cowper was taken away from it. It may be that his terrible sufferings at this time were the remote cause of his subsequent insanity.

He was more fortunate in his next school, which was the great and famous Westminster School in London. From twelve to eighteen he was a happy and industrious member of this establishment, where he stood equally high in the esteem of teachers and companions, since he excelled both in Greek and at cricket. He wrote verses in Latin, Greek and English, and often carried away the prizes awarded for such exercises. Probably the happiest years of his life were the six which he spent at this school.

Leaving school at eighteen, he was placed in the office of a solicitor, with a view to his entering, in due time, the legal profession. But, his mind being entirely devoted to literature, and not expecting to be dependant upon any profession for his livelihood, he never made the least pretence to study law, but passed his time over his favorite Latin and Greek authors, and in idleness. He passed many years in this desultory way, during which he was admitted to the bar. At the usual age, he fell in love, and his love was warmly returned. The object of his passion was his own cousin, a young lady of beauty and wealth. Her father, upon perceiving their mutual attachment, put an absolute and unchangeable veto upon their marriage, alleging their nearness of kin as the reason of his determination. The true reason was, the evident unfitness of this man of letters, who had scarcely fortune enough for his own support, to undertake the responsibilities of married life. The lovers submitted to their fate, and, though still loving, never saw one another again; nor did either ever marry.

Already, indeed, the premonitory symptoms of madness had appeared in him. Nine people in ten who go mad lose their reason through melancholy; and it was in this way that Cowper's madness began. Soon after coming of age, while living a merry, innocent life with young friends and relations, he became subject to fits of the deepest gloom. At first, a short journey or a gay pic-nic would suffice to dispel his sadness, and he would return to his usual cheerfulness. He was a member of a literary society at this time, called the Nonsense Club, where a great many merry, nonsensical rhymes were uttered and sung. When Cowper was himself, no member of this Club was gayer or wittier than he. But, in his melancholy days, he sat in his room, the picture of despair, from which nothing could rouse him. In these alternations from gayety to gloom, and from gloom to gayety, his life passed until he was thirty-two years of age, when an event occurred which to most men would have brought unbounded joy, but which plunged him into a sadness so profound that he lost his senses.

Two highly honorable and very lucrative offices connected with the House of Lords fell vacant, one of which was that of Reader to the House. The right of filling these offices belonged to a member of Cowper's own family. This powerful relation called the poet out of his chambers one morning, and made him the offer of both the vacant places. His first emotions were those of gratitude and joy, and he accepted the offices without hesitation. But an instant after, when the thought occurred to him that one of the duties of one of the places would be to read aloud in the House of Lords, a kind of horror seized him, and he returned to his room, thoughtful, alarmed and dejected. The more he thought of it the worse he felt, until, after enduring for a week, by day and night, a torment of apprehension, he revealed his state of mind, and begged to be allowed to resign the readership, which was much the more lucrative post, and to keep only the one which was more suitable to so shy and sensitive a person. After much persuasion, this boon was granted to him, and he was told to prepare for induction into the other office.

But now a new terror seized him. As there was some opposition expected, he was informed that he would be subjected to a pretty severe examination, and he was advised to make the best use of his time in becoming acquainted with his future duties. The prospect of having to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, and there give public proof of his knowledge of the business appertaining to his place, plunged him again into the abyss of despair. "They whose spirits," he wrote, "are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation—others can have none."

Months passed by, and still he could not bring himself to undertake the appalling duty; nor yet could he unbosom himself to a single creature. He bore this anguish in silence, just as he had borne the torments inflicted upon him by the school bully, when he was six years of age. At last, when only one week remained before he must submit to his examination, he resolved to put an end to his existence, provided no other mode of escape presented itself before the dreadful day.

He bought a bottle of laudanum immediately, and carried it all the week in his pocket. On the day previous to the one appointed for his examination, he walked out into the country for the purpose of seeking a retired nook or ditch, in which he could take the poison and die unobserved. After walking a mile, the thought suddenly occurred to him that he could go back to London, sell out his property in the funds in an hour, hurry over to France, change his religion, enter a monastery, and spend the rest of his days in peace. Away he sped to his chambers, and began to pack his portmanteau. But while thus engaged he suddenly changed his mind, once more resolving to seek refuge in death. But where should he find a place to die in? Being liable to frequent interruptions in his own apartments, he determined to go to the river and drown himself. Driving to the Tower in a coach, he made his way to a certain wharf which he had had in his mind, but there, right at the spot whence he had intended to plunge in, he found a man seated. So, re-entering the coach, he drove back to his rooms.

He partly undressed himself and lay down. He tried to drink his laudanum, but he could not, for his hands seemed to lose their power. He drew his penknife, and endeavored to stab himself to the heart, but discovered that the point was broken off, and he could not force it in. He started up, poured out his poison into a basin, and lifted it to his lips, when his laun- [illegible] a long night in agony, resolved to die, yet unable to execute his purpose. The day dawned, and he was aghast at finding himself still in life. Springing from his bed with the resolution of despair, he seized a broad, strong garter, such as was worn then, fastened it round his neck, tied the other end to part of his bedstead, and so hung himself. After hanging a few seconds, the bedstead broke, and he was let down. Next he fastened the garter to the frame which supported the bed curtains, but that broke, and let him down a second time. Still determined, he stood upon a chair, fixed his garter to the top of a door, kicked away the chair, and remained suspended. This time he had done his work more effectually, and he hung until he was totally unconscious. Before life was extinct, however, the garter broke, and he fell to the floor, and there remained for some minutes, lying on his face insensible. When his senses returned, his first thought was that he had died, and was then enduring the torments of hell. He struggled to his feet at length, reeled across the room, and tumbled into bed, where he was soon discovered by his servant, who came in to light his fire.

His condition could no longer be concealed, and he frankly confessed what he had done. His friends hastened to release him from his engagement with regard to the office, and expected that the cause of his apprehension being removed, his sufferings would cease. It was not so. The next symptom of his mental disease was religious despair. There never lived a more innocent soul; but he passed the greater part of the rest of his life in the fixed belief that he was a wretch too guilty for pardon. He used to look forward to residing eternally in hell as a *welcome shelter* against the anger of God. He passed two years in a private madhouse, much to his advantage, for he came from it relieved and re-assured; but it was only for a few years.

He lived to the age of 69. He spent the latter half of his life, in the completest seclusion from the world, in the family of a clergyman who loved him and cared for him most tenderly. He was mad only on the one point which I have just mentioned. Believing himself worse (as he often said) than Judas Iscariot, he persisted that it was of no use for him to go to church or perform any other religious act; and he did not for many years. At the same time he was usually very cheerful, and many of his poems—John Gilpin, for example—are among the merriest that we have. His humorous poems were, indeed, one of his resources against his religious melancholy. He wrote John Gilpin in self-defence, as it were, against the gloom that threatened to overwhelm him. Several of those favorite hymns of his, which are still sung every Sunday in our churches, were written when he was laboring under his morbid self-abhorence; but most of them were composed during his longest period of sanity, soon after his release from the madhouse. He wrote his translation of Homer only to keep his mind from brooding over his imaginary damnation.

As he drew near his end, the gloom that had deepened with advancing age grew blacker still.

"How do you feel?" asked his physician, a few days before his death.

"Feel!" said the dying poet. "I feel unutterable despair."

If any one attempted to break this horrid delusion, he would earnestly beg them not to mock and torture a lost spirit. He died believing that there was pity in the bosom of God for every creature that He had formed, save only for the most guilty and guiltless of them all, whose sweet songs had been balm to a million troubled hearts and whose name was held in veneration by the best of his countrymen on both continents.

* * *

A GRANDMOTHER'S DILEMMA.

I wish some philosopher would tell me at what age a child's naughtiness *really* begins. I am led to make this remark because I am subject to the unceasing ridicule of certain persons, who shall be nameless, who sarcastically advise me to "practice what I preach." As if, to begin with, anybody ever did *that*, from Adam's time down. You see before I punish, or cause to be punished, a little child, I want to be sure that it hasn't got the stomach-ache; or is not cutting some tooth; or has not, through the indiscretion, or carelessness, or ignorance of those entrusted with it, partaken of some indigestible mess, to cause its "naughtiness," as it is called. Then—I want those people who counsel me to such strict justice with a mere baby, to reflect how many times a day, according to this rule, *they* themselves ought to be "wallopped" for impatient, cross words; proceeding, it may be, from teeth, or stomach, or head, or nerves; but just as detrimental to the results as if they came from meditated, adult naughtiness.

Scruples of conscience, you see—that's it. However, yesterday I said: Perhaps I *am* a little soft in this matter; perhaps it *is* time I began. So I stiffened up to it.

"Tittikins," said I to the cherub in question, "don't throw your hat on the floor; bring it to me, dear."

"I san't," replied Tittikins, who has not yet compassed the letter *h*. "I san't;"—with the most trusting, bewitching little smile, as if I were only getting up a new play for her amusement, and immediately commenced singing to herself:

"Baby bye,
Here's a fly,
Let us watch him,
You and I;"

adding, "Didn't I sing that pretty?"

Now I ask you, was I to get up a fight with that dear little happy thing just to carry my point? I tell you, my "government" on that occasion was a miserable failure; I made up my mind, after deep reflection, that if it was not quite patent that a child was really malicious, it was best not to worry it with little petty matters; I made up my mind that I would concentrate my strength on the first *lie* it told, and be conveniently blind to lesser peccadilloes. This course is just what I get abused for. But, you see, I stood over a little coffin once, with part of my name on the silver plate; and somehow it always comes between me and this governing business. I think I know what you'll reply to this; and in order that you may have full justification for abusing me, I will own that the other day, when I said to Tittikins, "Now, dear, if you put your hands inside your cup of milk again, I must really punish you," that little three-year-older replied, in the *chirp-est* voice, "No, you won't! I know better." And one day, when I *really* shut my teeth together, and with a great throb of martyrdom, spanked the back of that dear little hand, she fixed her great, soft, brown, unwinking eyes on me, and said, "I'm brave—I don't mind it!" You can see for yourself that this practical application of the story of the Spartan boy and the fox, which I had told her the day before, was rather unexpected.

Tittikins has no idea of "the rule that won't work both ways." Not long since she wanted my pen and ink, which, for obvious reasons, I declined giving. She acquiesced, apparently, and went on with her play. Short- [illegible] paper, will you?" "No," she replied, with Lilliputian dignity. "If you can't please me, I can't please you." The other day she was making an ear-splitting racket with some brass buttons, in a tin box, when I said, "Can't you play with something else, dear, till I have done writing?" "But I like this best," she replied. "It makes my head ache, though," I said. "You poor dear, you," said Tittikins, patronizingly, as she threw the obnoxious plaything down, and rushed across the room to put her arms round my neck—"you *poor* dear, you, of course I won't do it, then."

I have given it up; with shame and confusion of face, I own that child *governs me*. I know her *heart* is all right; I know there's not a grain of *badness* in her; I know she would die to-day, if she hadn't those few flaws to keep her alive. In short, she's *my grandchild*. Isn't that enough?

FANNY FERN.

* * *

THE FASHIONABLE EXODUS.

Beauty and Fashion are leaving us for the summer fleecing places—the spas, the sea-side and the mountains. Trunks large enough for Tom Thumb and his wife to keep house in, much execrated by the porter interest, crowd the baggage cars of railroad trains, and the iron mastodon has as much as he can do to make his usual time at the head of his enormous freight of "first families" and their sumptuary belongings. Fascinating young men, who live by their wits, and wish to retire from that precarious business on a splendid certainty, are curling and glossing their mustaches in readiness for the heiress-hunting season; and the income-tax list is carefully scanned by young ladies richer in grace than greenbacks, with a view to bagging counterparts of Douglas Jerrold's "man made of money." That interesting hero, it will be remembered, consisted entirely of layers of bank-notes, and only had to thrust his hand inside his vest in order to secure as many of these convenient *laminæ* as he thought proper. A man so very prolific of negotiable paper is scarcely hoped for, we presume, even by the most sanguine female candidate for wealth and position; but suitors who can produce thousand-dollar bills "on call" from their vest pockets by way of pin-money, will not, it is probable, be driven to despair by over-snubbing. At the sanitary springs, Angels, plumed in the latest mode, are already "troubling the waters." The sea is rather cold as yet, but Syrens of the ton will soon be seen disporting themselves in the surf at Newport. The mountains being even colder than the sea, the porcelain people will not begin to climb them at present, and it may be two or three weeks before the majesty of Mount Washington is insulted by pic-nics and small talk. Until the snow on his caput has begun to thaw in earnest, say early in July, the Notch will not be stormed by the kid-gloved phalanx of fashion. The cataract season, like the mountain season, commences somewhat later than the gala at the spas, and therefore the gay world has not yet arrived in force at Niagara to flaunt its silk and jewels, and simper its nothings, in the presence of the sun-painted thunderer.

All our superfine people are, however, either leaving or preparing to leave for one or other of the places where the fashionable Hygeia offers her expensive favors. The *Ledger* wishes them a pleasant sojourn, and that they may get the worth of their money at the great fashion roosts, and return refreshed and re-invigorated to their city homes.

WHAT THE ENGINEER TOLD.

I am an engineer. Ever since the —— road was laid, I've travelled over it every day, or nearly every day, of my life.

For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I say it, as the best.

It was a south-western road, running, we'll say, from A. to Z. At A. my good old mother lived; at Z. I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and a baby or two; and I also had a dollar or so put by for a rainy day. I was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up with the engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Jo. Some people thought me unsociable, and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few old friends—dear ones, too—I had not as many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house that held my wife and babies was the dearest place on earth to me, except the other house that held my old mother up at A.

I'd never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should, if it hadn't been for Granby. You see Granby was one of the shareholders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk to him, and we were friends. He often rode from T. to A., and back again, with me, and once he said:

"You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Guelden."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some amongst us now. I'll propose you, if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer don't have too many nights or days to himself, and the club would take one evening a fortnight from Jo. I said:

"I'll ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" said he.

"Jo.," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'Can't spare you, my dear,' and we should have had no club at all," said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Jo. She said:

"I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and then if Mr. Granby belongs, they must be superior men."

"No doubt," said I.

"It isn't everbody who could be made a member," said Jo. "Why, of course you must say yes."

So I said "yes," and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. There were some men with brains there, some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every meeting.

I'd always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but coming to drink more of it than I ever had before at the club table, I found it put the steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; after so many more I *did*.

It seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My little ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits; I indulged in repartee; I told stories; I even came to puns. I heard somebody say to Granby: 'By George, that's a man worth knowing! I thought him dull at first.' Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it when, three hours after, I stumbled up stairs at home to find Jo. waiting [illegible]

"You've been deceiving me," said Jo. "I've suspected it, but I wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a bar-room."

"Which means *I* do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Jos.

"And *look* like one," said Jo.; and she went and locked herself and the baby in the spare bed-room.

One club night, as I was dressed to go, Jo. stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before, I'll say that. You've been kind, and good, and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you were to go on this way. Don't ask me what I mean. You *know*."

"Jo.," said I, "it's only on club nights."

"It will grow," said she.

Then she put her arm about my neck.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like a bottled-up and strapped-down demon as steam is, is fit to be put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday nights, but all the days of the week will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll *know* if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Jo.! She spoke from her heart, and I bent over her and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child," I said; "I'll never pain you again."

And I meant it; but at twelve that night I felt that I had forgotten the promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Jo. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa and leave the place for good next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it never had before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor.

It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his black face. My head seemed about to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch; I had just five minutes to reach the depot.

Jo.'s words came into my mind. Was I fit to take charge of the engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and to come again. Amongst them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye, Lue," I heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust every mortal I love in a batch to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "I'll get through it somehow, and Jo. shall never have to talk to me again." After all it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

Five hours from L. to D.; five hours back. On the last I should be myself again, I knew now. I saw a red flutter, and never guessed what it was until we were past the flag. I heard a shriek, and we had passed the down train at a wrong place. Two minutes more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me. I laughed. I heard him say respectfully:

"Of course, Mr. Guelden, you knew what you were about."

Then I was alone and wondering whether I should go slower or faster. I did something, the cars rushed on at a fearful rate.

The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard some question.

How many miles an hour *were* we making? I didn't know.

Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what I should do. Was it this, or that? Faster—only faster. I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash; I was flung somewhere. It was into the water. By a miracle I was only sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore; I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and stood there gazing at my work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead, and dying, and wounded were strewn around—men, and women, and children—old age, and tender youth. There were groans, and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering, "Murderer!"

The news had gone back to A., and people came thronging down to find their friends. The dead were stretched on the grass. I went with some of the distracted, to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to this: a place under the trees, and five bodies lying there in all their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby, and two tiny children. It was fancy—it was pure fancy, born of my anguish—they looked like—oh! great Heaven—they were my old mother, my wife, my children! all cold and dead.

How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair. I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could be—never would be. And as I comprehended this, onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eye glared on me; I flung myself before it; I felt it crushing me to atoms!

"His head is so extremely hot," said somebody.

I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" she said; "a little better?"

I was so rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated her question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," I said, "for the train went over me; but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," said my wife. "Why, Ned."

I tried to move—there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room; opposite me a crib in which two children were asleep, beside me a tiny bald baby head. My wife and all my children safe! Was I delirious, or could it be?

"Jo.," cried I, "tell me what has happened."

"It's nine o'clock," said Jo. "You came home in such a dreadful state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam, and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A., I suppose, and you've been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk!"

And Jo. began to cry.

It was a dream—only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Jo.?" said I.

"Are we heathens?" asked Jo.

"Give it to me this moment, Jo."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it, and took an oath—too solemn to repeat here—that what had happened never should occur again. It never has. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be, as it ought to be so often—*The engineer was drunk!*

* * *

PARASITES AND ROWDIES.

The derivation of the word parasite is significant. It comes from the Greek *para*, "near," and *sitos*, "corn;" and the Greek parasite was a wretched flatterer, the reward of whose adulation was to be "corn-fed" at his patron's table. Fellows of this sort infest society in our own times, and will continue to do so as long as man-worship shall be marketable, which will probably be until the lions fraternize with the lambs, and saintly simplicity and humility pervade the world. We call the modern parasite a "toady," a "bootlick," and several other names less euphonious than the classic appellation, but the creature is essentially the same to-day as in the era when Clisophus, the Macedonian sycophant, wore a bandage over his right eye, in compliment to King Philip, who had his dexter optic extinguished by an arrow.

Some of the Greek parasites were bullies as well as flatterers; and these, too, have their parallels at the present day, in the fighting rowdies employed by unscrupulous politicians to do the knock-down-and-drag-out business at primary meetings, at conventions and at the polls. "Do you want a parasite," says a double-fisted wrestler and cestus-player in one of the ancient dramas, "here I am, an Antæus! If you want a door forced I have a head like a ram to do it, and I can scale a wall like Capaneus." Pretty much in the same strain our heavy-hitting "roughs," whose trade it is to follow the fortunes of party demagogues, offer their services to whom it may concern. Parasites of every type are in the market here to-day, as they were in Greece twenty odd centuries ago, and are purchased or hired as they were then, and for similar purposes. "History repeats itself"—the reason being that the cardinal propensities of human nature are always the same.

* * *

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LOAFER."

To the Editor of the New York Ledger:—In your last number (May 5) I find an article headed "The Genus Loafer." It may be that the term Loafer is of a more recent date than many suppose, and I think it obtained currency in this wise: Many years ago there was a beggar boy, well known to the promenaders on Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., by the name of "Hughey Potter." This persistent urchin would beset and persecute every passer by, and particularly every lady and gentleman walking in company, with a piteous whine, "Please give me a penny to buy my mother a *loaf* of bread." I was then a young lady and happened to be accompanied by a gentleman remarkable for his ready wit and quick repartee. The boy, as was his custom, fastened himself upon us, and running in front, kept up his incessant cry, "Please give me a penny to buy my mother a *loaf* of bread." The gentleman, annoyed by the boy, gave him some coppers, saying at the same time, "Get out, you 'loafer.'" The word was passed around by the gentleman and myself as applied to this boy, and finally grew into general use; and this is, in my opinion, the origin of the word "Loafer." I speak of an occurrence of over 40 years past. I was then young, and now I am

AN OLD LADY.

* * *

—He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

THE FLOWERS OF JUNE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Out in the Eden, Love—
Out in the queenly June,
Where you may see the flowers
Sway to the fountain's tune,
Where you may tend the flowers,
Through all the golden day,
Tending them, you yourself
Lovely as they—
Tending them, while you dream,
Where the fount rolls,
That they must also have,
Like yourself, souls;
Souls thrilled by Beauty's soul,
And spite of sod,
Through the dark and the light
Yearning to God.

II.

Out in the wild wood, Love!—
There, too, is June,
But for *its* flowers, Love,
Sings not a tune;
Dark is the air around,
Cold, sod and rock,
Ah, all the summer time
Is but a mock!
Know you the wild wood's name?
Know you the flowers?
Have you e'er tended *them*
In the dark hours?
In every one of *them*
There *is* a soul,
While they yearn unto God,
Though the storms roll;
Men call them children, love,
Left without care,
Father and mother dead,
Starving on there—
Starving in body, soul,
(Shame on thee, world!)
They are the orphan-flowers,
To the storm hurled;
O, shall the sun of love
Ne'er light *their* hours?
Out in that wild wood, Love!
Tend the *child-flowers!*

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE MARCH.

Come away! come away!
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons!
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar!
SCOTT.

It was written of an old usurper of the throne of England, that "having gained the kingdom by fraud and by cruelty, he nevertheless governed it in justice and in mercy.".

Something like the same policy prevailed in Colonel Goldsborough's conduct towards his captive bride.

Having gained her hand by force, he was willing to win her favor by forbearance.

No sooner had the curtain dropped behind the retreating form of Mutchison, than Albert Goldsborough turned towards Elfie, and sank upon one knee at her feet; and though the action was indeed rather melo-dramatic, I do not see, under the circumstances, how he could have done less than thus humble himself.

The insolent abductor was all at once turned into the pleading lover. He earnestly prayed her to pardon him.

"Elfie, my best beloved—my *only* beloved, you will try to forgive me for this violence!" he murmured, in a low and gentle tone.

"If I do, Albert Goldsborough, I pray that Heaven may never forgive *me!*" she answered, passionately.

"My darling Elfie, Heaven never records our wicked prayers. If it did we should all be doomed!" he said, gently taking her hand.

"Don't touch me, you wretch, unless you wish to drive me raving mad. I tell you I am on the brink of phrenzy now! and phrenzy may give me strength to slay you!" she exclaimed, struggling and snatching her hand from his grasp.

"Elfie, listen to me!" he pleaded,

But Elfie drowned his murmuring voice in a torrent of bitter scorn and furious invective, which she poured upon him without stint or measure.

He let her scold until she had exhausted herself, and had to pause for want of breath; then he took advantage of her silence and answered, gently:

"Elfie, to all your cruel reproaches I have but this to say in my defence—I love you; I have loved you ever since I first saw you, and I believe that you love me. In this belief, Elfie, I could not leave you among the Yankees to be perverted by them, to be set against your own old State, your faithful friends, and your one true lover, I could not, my Elfie."

"You—ou! You—ou!" began Elfie, but she was too much out of breath to proceed, and so Albert resumed:

"I could not give you up to the Yankees, Elfie. I could not, my dear. And so, at the imminent risk not only of my own life, but of the lives of all my command, I crossed the river and brought you away."

"A great risk you ran, truly, to come with your two hundred armed guerrillas upon a harmless pleasure party of less than forty persons," passionately and scornfully cried Elfie, who had now recovered her voice.

"Yes, Elfie, it *was* a great risk—an imminent risk, as I said—for we crossed and landed between two forts whose scouts were out in search of us. And in three hours after our crossing, a squadron of cavalry, armed with their murderous sixteen shooters, were on our trail. But I would have risked much more than life for you, my Elfie."

"'Risk' again," sneered Elfie. "I don't see it. The only risk that was run for my sake that day was run by the only man of our party: for I hold that little Mim was the only male creature that proved himself a man on that occasion."

"I wonder, now, if that little atom is my rival?" said Albert, musingly.

"Yes, he *is!*" exclaimed Elfie, spitefully catching at the idea; "he just *is!* I love and admire little Mim beyond everything. I love his little finger better than I ever did your whole person. He is a true hero, and I worship the very ground he walks on!"

"Very pleasant words for me to hear, Elfie."

"I don't care whether they are or not. They are true. I am dying in love with little Mim. And when I get back to Washington, I mean to ask him to marry me as soon as ever—— Oh, my good gracious, I can't, either!" exclaimed Elfie, suddenly breaking off and bursting into tears of rage at the recollection that she was married already to Goldsborough.

"No, you can't! Poligamy is not lawful in this land, at least not for ladies," laughed Albert Goldsborough.

"You will be hanged some day, shortly, and then I shall be a widow," sobbed Elfie.

"Come, come, my darling girl, why do you keep up this comedy? Do you think that I could be jealous of your little champion? Do you think that I believe for a moment in your professions either of regard for him, or of detestation for me? No, dear Elfie. I have a confidence in your love and faith that your words and actions cannot shake. Listen, my darling girl——"

"I don't want to hear a word you have to say, Albert Goldsborough."

"But, my dear, in common justice you must. Listen, Elfie—for we must march soon, and the time for explanation and defence is short. I have already told you that, loving you beyond measure, and believing in your unaltered love for me, I could not leave you among the Yankees. I could not, Elfie. And so, at the imminent risk of my life, and the lives of all my band, I crossed the river, and brought you off from between the very teeth of the enemy."

"You have bragged of all that before," sneered Elfie.

"I could not have believed in your persistent opposition to my wishes, Elfie; else, perhaps, I should have spared you and myself this trial."

"When you made the discovery, why did you not send me back to my friends?" demanded Elfie.

"It was too late even if it had been in other respects possible to do so! Once having run away with you, and above all having retained you for days in my custody, there was no retreat! The departure of Alberta this morning, leaving you alone, the only woman in the guerrilla camp, made your immediate marriage a necessity. And so, Elfie, I have married you, even by force; but I trust to win your forgiveness by forbearance. The deed is done, Elfie, that makes you my wife! But now that it is done, you shall be as sacred to me as my sister. And more so! for I will never touch your lips, or even take your hand again, without your leave! That you will forgive me and love me I am sure—sure as that you are woman! We shall march in an hour, and of course you go with us! I will do everything I possibly can do for your happiness, except to give you up to the Yankees, to be taught to hate and despise your old State and old friends! You are a child of the South and belong to your mother, and must live among her children."

THE FATE OF ALBERTA.

Elfie still sobbed, but now, as it seemed, with less of rage than of grief.

He was still at her feet.

"Get up!" she said at length, impatiently. "You've made a brute of yourself, but you needn't make a fool of yourself by remaining in that absurd position, Albert Goldsborough! Get up!"

"Not until I have obtained your forgiveness, Elfie. Oh, Elfie, dearest, I loved you so entirely. The thought of you was never for an instant absent from my mind, by day or by night, in the tent or in the field. Elfie, for the sake of the undivided love I bore you, forgive me; for the sake of the forbearance that I have sworn to observe towards you, and that will cost me so much, forgive me!" he pleaded.

"If you will—will keep your word with me, and treat—eat me as your sister, I will forgive—give you for the past!" sobbed Elfie.

"Heaven bless you for that much, my darling! That is one step gained," he said, rising.

"And oh, if you had only been tru—true to your country in her trial! Oh, if you had only been tru—true to your country!" she wept.

"I *was* true to my country, Elfie. I *am* true to my country. I shall *always* be true to my country. Old Virginia is my country, and I am true as truth to her. I go with her where she goes—to destruction, if she should be cursed with failure, to dominion, if she should be crowned with success," replied the guerrilla leader, as he turned, lifted the curtain, and left the hut.

"Oh, if he'd been true! Oh, if he'd been true!" Elfie continued to sob.

Soon all was bustle in the guerrilla camp. The men were mustering and mounting, and preparing to move. The guerrillas marched with very little baggage, as everybody knows. And so the band was soon ready.

In about half an hour after leaving the hut, Colonel Goldsborough returned to it, lifted the curtain, and once more presented himself before Elfie.

"My dearest girl, we are about to go down the mountain. The pass is a difficult and dangerous one, as you know—more dangerous still in the descent than in the ascent. And for your safety it is best that you should ride behind me, as you did before. Still, keeping the spirit as well as the letter of my promise to you, Elfie, I must give you your choice of three modes of conveyance. You may ride behind me, or you may ride behind Parson Simmons, or you may ride alone on a sure-footed little mountain pony which is at your service."

"I will take the mountain pony, if you please," said Elfie.

"But will you feel quite safe to do so, down these perilous passes?"

"I am a mountain girl, if you will please to remember, and the horse, you say, is a mountain pony."

"Very well, Elfie, I will have it brought to the door of your hut," said Colonel Goldsborough, going out.

In five minutes he returned with the pony, and came in for Elfie.

Sulkily enough the girl went out with him.

Goldsborough's steed, the parson's cob, and Elfie's pony, stood saddled and bridled before the hut.

The parson was there also, apparently in charge of the three horses, whose bridles he held gathered in his hands. And the unfortunate man seemed to have rather more than he could do to hold them.

"Elfie," said Albert Goldsborough, laughing, "I promised not even to touch your hand without your leave; and I mean to keep my promise. Therefore I must ask your gracious permission, before lifting you into your seat. Will you grant it?"

"No!" said Elfie, placing her hand upon the pommel, and springing into her saddle as lightly as if she were an elf indeed.

"Mr. Simmons, mount your horse. You are to be the immediate advance guard of this lady, and ride directly in front of her; and please to recollect that your life is the hostage of her safety," said Colonel Goldsborough, as he threw himself into his saddle.

"Is—is—her pony a safe one?" stammered the persecuted preacher, as he clambered up into his seat.

"Her pony is all right," laughed Albert. "Go ahead!"

The band, under the immediate charge of Mutchison, was now defiling through the narrow pass leading from the table land down the side of the mountain.

Colonel Goldsborough, with his two captives, took the same direction. He rode on the right side of Elfie, while the preacher rode on the left, until they came to the narrow pass down which the line of mounted men was winding like some huge serpent.

Then Goldsborough ordered the preacher to precede Elfie, while he himself should follow her, thus forming a guard of honor immediately before and behind the captive bride.

In this manner they commenced the descent of the dangerous mountain pass.

Albert Goldsborough, in the spirit of his promise, forbore to force his conversation upon his companion.

Elfie rode on in sulky silence until her tongue was tired of keeping still, when she opened her mouth and spoke:

"I thought the 'Devil's Dripping Pan,' or 'Soup Dish,' or whatever you call your horrid place up there on the mountain top, was to be the general rendezvous of your bands."

"We thought so too, Elfie."

"And that you and Corsoni, with your commands, had met there to wait for the arrival of Moncke and his men."

"Such was our plan."

"And here Corsoni comes with his command at midnight, and you march with yours at midday!"

"Just so, Elfie!"

"In truth, then, it seems to me that you gentlemen horse-thieves don't know your own minds any more than honester men."

"When a spy gets into our camps, Elfie, and discovers all our secrets, he is apt to defeat all our plans. That little devil of a Gill, who got into Corsoni's camp, not only betrayed *his* retreat to the enemy, but, as we have lately learned, he discovered and revealed the secret of this rendezvous. This made it necessary for us to choose another place of gathering, to which we are now going, Elfie. I don't mind telling you these things, my dear, since it is utterly impossible for *you* to betray us," said Albert.

And now, as the dangers of the road demanded all their attention, the conversation ceased.

The poor preacher held his very breath for fear as he looked up, on the right, to a precipice that towered a thousand feet above him; and then down on the left to another precipice that descended a thousand feet below him; and, last, along the ledge of path that lay before him, so narrow, with such slender space to move in, that a single swerve must have sent horse and rider down to destruction.

"Look sharp there! or you will be gone in an instant!" roared Albert Goldsborough, throwing the nervous parson into such a panic as nearly precipitated the catastrophe he had intended to prevent.

Elfie laughed. Her nerves were so firm and her pony so sure-footed that she felt quite safe even when perched upon the edge of a precipice where a goat could hardly have found a footing.

The persecuted preacher was trembling from head to foot.

"I know," he complained, "that even if I live to reach the bottom of this mountain, which is very unlikely, I shall be good for nothing all the rest of my life."

As he said this, the party of three, passing around a projecting rock, came in sight of the rear of the band, who were winding down the narrow pass in single file below them.

"Hayden!" cried Colonel Goldsborough, calling out to one of the rear men, who immediately halted.

"Hayden, dismount and turn your horse loose and come here and take the parson's bridle and lead his beast, or we shall have an accident."

The soldier addressed smiled good-humoredly as he murmured something to his comrade about the "inconvenience of having women and parsons encumbering them on their march;" and then he dismounted, knotted up his bridle, so that it should not get entangled under his horse's feet, and leaving his well-trained steed to walk soberly down the path, he came and took the preacher's bridle and led his cob carefully along the perilous pass.

In this manner they continued their dangerous journey until they reached the foot of the mountain.

"Thank Heaven it is over!" piously exclaimed the parson, as they found themselves safe at the entrance of a wooded valley.

There was no road; but, guided by a pocket compass, the band took their way westward through the forest, until, after marching for about three miles, they came out upon an open plain, dappled here and there with detached groves of trees and gradually ascending towards a range of wooded hills in the distance before them.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE BATTLE.

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare
As quick as far as they!
* * * * * * *
He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightning from a mountain cloud.
FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

"There is our new rendezvous," said Colonel Goldsborough, pointing to the distant range of wooded hills, where the autumn foliage was now glowing redly under the rays of the descending sun, and towards which the whole band was now moving leisurely.

But they had not marched more than a mile when Mutchison, who had been riding in advance of the whole line, came suddenly galloping back to the rear with every mark of hurry and excitement.

He drew rein beside his superior officer, and handed him a field-glass, saying, hastily:

"Colonel, look there!"

"What is it?" inquired Goldsborough, raising the instrument to his eyes.

"There, at our rendezvous: the cloud of dust, the smoke, and hark! there is the sound of musketry! There must be a battle going on there, Colonel!"

"THERE IS!" hurriedly exclaimed Goldsborough. "Mutchison, dash forward. Send half a dozen men back to guard the prisoners, who must remain here while we join battle Then get the band in order. Form on company front; and march! I will be with you as soon as I have provided for the safety of these!"

Mutchison wheeled his horse and galloped forward, carrying with him a cloud of dust, in which he soon disappeared.

Goldsborough looked around for a place of safety in which to bestow his captive bride and her clerical companion.

Nothing better offered than a grove of trees, in the midst of which sparkled a cool spring, now, however, rather choked with fallen autumn leaves.

He led his party there and requested them to dismount.

The poor parson very willingly obeyed, and got off the horse of which he was heartily tired.

"I suppose there is nothing left now but to submit to our fate and trust in Providence," said Elfie, as she also dismounted and seated herself upon a heap of dried leaves that the wind had drifted against the roots of a great oak tree.

"Yes, my dear young lady, that is it! We are in the power of the men of Belial, but the arm of the Lord is mighty to deliver us," murmured Mr. Simmons, when Colonel Goldsborough had passed out of hearing; he—Goldsborough—having taken the bridles of the two horses and led them to the other extremity of the grove, where he secured them to the trees.

"You see he has led away our horses so as to prevent us from taking advantage of the battle to escape by flight!" said Elfie, despondently.

"I see! I see, my dear young lady! but the arm of the Lord is strong to save. But hush! here comes the son of Beelzebub!" said the preacher, as the guerrilla leader returned.

And in a few minutes the near galloping of other horses was heard, and the six men sent back by Mutchison rode up, in a cloud of dust.

"Guard these two prisoners until farther orders!" said Colonel Goldsborough, as he put spurs to his horse and dashed onward after his band.

He flew over the plain at a tremendous rate of speed, yet it was some ten minutes before he came up with his band.

They were now within half a mile of their rendezvous, where the black, heavy clouds of dust and smoke, and the continuous sound of firing, assured them that a fierce battle was going on.

On reaching his band, Colonel Goldsborough did but stop long enough to breathe his horse. And then he commanded a halt, and raising his hand cried out:

"Attention, my men! The rendezvous has been surprised by the enemy! The Free Sword seems hard beset! We must free him! To the rescue, then!"

A shout from the men responded to this speech.

"Attention! Forward! March!"

The guerrillas galloped as gayly onward towards the field of blood "as to a festival."

As they approached the scene of action the evidences of a fearful engagement encircled them.

Ascending the hill, they entered into a dense atmosphere of black and sulphurous smoke and dust through which sabres glanced and firearms blazed, and horses and riders loomed and vanished, and from which arose the confused sounds of the shouts of men, the neighs of steeds, the clash of steel, the report of musketry, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying.

Over fallen steeds and writhing men—through flashing sabre strokes and whistling rifle shots—through smoke and dust—through blood and fire—the guerrilla's dashed, striking right and left—striking here and there—striking everywhere where the blue coat of a Union soldier could be seen in the chaos.

It was a general melée, more terrible in its effects than any pitched battle could have been. It was a mutual massacre, in which no quarter was asked or given. Such was the engagement at —— Hill, long to be remembered in the bloody annals of the Valley.

Neither Moncke nor any of his officers or men were to be seen anywhere on the field. It seemed evident that his forces had not joined those of Colonel Corsoni, whose command had engaged the Federals alone.

In the thickest carnage might be seen the form of the Free Sword, an inspired form—a very Demon of Destruction—dealing deathblows right and left—striking everywhere, and always with fatal effects; struck at from every quarter, but always in vain! He seemed to bear a charmed life, and to wield an invincible weapon.

And by his side—oh, sight of fear and horror!—by his side, in the fiercest of the fight, rode his devoted wife! Why she was there—why he permitted her to be there—no one could tell. Whether he had no wish or no power to withstand the force and fire of her will that clung to him so desperately for life or death, or whether they had been surprised too suddenly to be separated, is not known. All that is certainly known is that she was with him throughout that bloody day. She seemed to ride scathless through that scene of slaughter, unharming and unharmed! Who, indeed, would have willingly hurt her?

At the moment that Goldsborough with his band rode up, the Free Sword and his two hundred faithful followers were fighting desperately against an overwhelming force.

Goldsborough brought to his relief nearly two hundred more men. Yet still the united forces of the two leaders numbered less than four hundred ill-armed and ill-disciplined guerrillas; and these were opposed to the whole regiment of Rosenthal's well-trained veteran cavalry, armed with their death-dealing Henry rifles—those sixteen shooters, that augmented their fighting powers more than ten-fold.

The guerrillas fought well, fiercely, recklessly. But who could doubt the issue?

Again and again the voice of the young Federal commander was heard above the din of battle, calling upon those brave, misguided men to surrender and save themselves.

In vain! He might as well have roared to the roaring winds!

The battle raged with increasing fury. The waves of war rolled east, rolled west, as the hard pressed guerrillas fell back, or rallying for a space, pushed forward.

At length, towards sunset, the guerrillas began to scatter and fly.

Colonel Goldsborough tried to rally them, but in vain. Their desperate courage had suddenly failed. Goldsborough looked around for the cause of this panic; and he discovered it in the absence of their idolized leader!

It was true. Neither the brave Free Sword nor his heroic wife could anywhere be seen on the field. The fiery spirit that had animated and inspired the whole band was gone. And fear had fallen upon his followers. And all who were not dead, wounded or prisoners were flying in all directions, hotly pursued by the Federals.

Colonel Goldsborough, seeing that the day was lost, wheeled around, put spurs to his horse, and dashed down the hill-side, in the direction of the grove where he had left Elfie and the parson under guard.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE FATE OF THE FREE SWORD.

"No more, there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now!
For thee my fields were won,
And thou hast perished."—
They might have chained him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
As from his lips the blood.
FELICIA HEMANS.

Riding recklessly over the dead and the dying, Albert Goldsborough rushed onward, until at the entrance of an old turnpike road he was arrested by a sight that might have stopped an army in its flight.

In the dust, on the ground, knelt Vittorio Corsoni, the terrible Free Sword, supporting in his arms the pale form of his beloved wife, and gazing down on her still face in unutterable anguish and despair. Beside him lay his hat and plume and his sword, cast off as though useless to him evermore.

"Dead!" exclaimed Albert Goldsborough, in horror and amazement.

The Free Sword did not reply or look up; he did not even seem to see or hear the man who addressed him.

The sound of approaching horses' feet startled Colonel Goldsborough from his trance of amazement.

"Corsoni! It is no use to sit there and be captured! Up and fly! *all is lost!*" he exclaimed, putting spurs to his horse and speeding away.

"Yes, *all is lost!*" murmured the Free Sword, without removing his eyes from the dead face over which he bent.

Another horseman came thundering up in a cloud of dust. It was Mutchison.

"Fly! fly, Colonel Corsoni! Rosenthal is within a hundred yards of you! And all is over!" shouted the giant, as he rushed past without drawing rein.

"Yes, all is over," muttered the Free Sword, dropping his face down to the cold face beneath him.

"Up and away! We are dead beat!" shouted another voice from another equestrian whirlwind that rushed past him.

"Dead beat!" echoed the Free Sword, mechanically.

Abershaw was the next who came. He hurriedly dashed up, threw himself from his saddle, and led his horse up to his chief, hastily exclaiming:

"Colonel Corsoni! For Heaven's sake, fly! There is not a moment to be lost! Rosenthal is a few yards behind! Here! I have brought you a fresh horse! Mount and away! Save yourself!"

The Free Sword lifted his despairing eyes to the face of his faithful follower and pointed in silence to the still form in his arms.

"Madam Corsoni fainted! No wonder, poor lady! Well, I will stay and take care of her. It does not matter so much if I am captured; I shall be treated as a prisoner of war. But you, Colonel! oh, you know the doom that awaits you if you are taken! Mount my horse! Fly and save yourself!"

"Save myself! From what? The worst has happened that could possibly befall me. Oh, Abershaw, look here! look here! and tell me if my life is worth the saving now!" cried Corsoni, in a heart-broken voice, as he pointed to the dead face of his wife.

"Dead! killed! Oh, Heaven, how did that

happen?" exclaimed Abershaw, overwhelmed by the sight.

"A Minie ball. She saw the murderous rifle aimed, and threw herself before me, and received in her heart the shot that was intended for my bosom!" said Corsoni, in a voice of such deep despair that his follower groaned aloud.

But time pressed, pressed fearfully; a life hung on every minute! And Abershaw could not leave his chief to indulge in sorrow.

"My Colonel—my brave Free Sword!" he exclaimed, "rouse yourself! A soldier should not yield to grief any more than to fear."

Corsoni sadly shook his head.

"Come, come, my chief, look up. Think of all your glorious achievements in the cause of the young Confederacy——"

"It was for her—for her, and she is gone," moaned Corsoni.

"Then up and avenge her! Think of all that you have already done, of all that you may still do for the cause. Think what a career opens before you. When the Confederacy triumphs——"

Corsoni impatiently waved his hand and shook his head.

"The Confederacy," said the Free Sword, bitterly. "What do you suppose I really cared for the Confederacy? I am a foreigner. What are your civil wars to me! It was for *her* I drew my sword. She bade me draw it in the cause of the Confederacy, and I did it, as, if she had bid me draw it in the cause of the Union, or of the Lord, or of the Devil, I would have done it. It was for her! for her! and now she is gone!—oh, my pale love! This was not what I took you from your convent for," he added, gazing with infinite sorrow on the still face.

Then he turned to his follower, saying:

"But go and save yourself, Abershaw. You have yet something to live for."

"No; I shall stay with you and—her," firmly replied the man.

Even as Abershaw spoke their pursuers dashed up.

"Ah, here you are, you demon. Yield!" thundered the foremost soldier, dismounting.

"I yield," gently replied the Free Sword.

Colonel Rosenthal rode up attended by his staff, among whom was Wing—Wing, his adjutant, with the first lieutenant's straps upon his shoulders.

"You are a prisoner, Colonel Corsoni. Deliver up your sword," said Justin, gravely, as he dismounted.—My God!"

This last exclamation was struck from his lips by the sight of Alberta's dead body in the arms of her heart-broken husband.

And the most inveterate pursuers of the Free Sword were now gathered around him with looks of pity in their war-worn faces.

Colonel Rosenthal lifted his hand, and silently waved these men away.

And all retired except Adjutant Wing.

"I am very sorry for this, Corsoni, very, very sorry," said Justin, compassionately.

The Free Sword looked up. His youthful face seemed suddenly to have grown old and haggard with unutterable woe. Then he gently laid down the form of his wife, and struggled to his feet, and put his hand to his side for the sword that was no longer there. He looked about to find and deliver it to his captor. As he did so, the blood suddenly gushed in torrents from an unsuspected wound in his breast, and his face became livid.

"You are hurt, Corsoni," said Justin, in a pitiful voice.

"Am I? I didn't know," answered the Free Sword, as he reeled and fell beside the body of his wife—DEAD.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE RESURRECTIONIST.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

On the 16th day of April, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, which day was Saturday, I received an order from our chief to proceed with all possible dispatch to Poultney, where there had been a heavy robbery, and see what I could do towards ferreting out the robbers. I was informed that it had been a bold and daring proceeding, and if I should find myself in want of help I might send word to headquarters. I made my preparations for the journey very quickly, and was in season for the four o'clock train, by which I reached Poultney just at dusk. My first call was upon Mr. Robert Pond, the senior member of the firm whose safe had been robbed. I found him to be a middle-aged man, and a gentleman of the old school. His dwelling, and all connected therewith, bespoke wealth and comfort, and he certainly knew how to enjoy the good things of this life, though I must say that he had an aristocratic way with him which I thought quite out of keeping with the country town in which he lived; and at first he seemed inclined to treat me quite coolly, intimating that the quicker I did my business the better he should like it. But I remembered that he must be chafing under the burden of his loss, and also that it was Saturday evening, a time when business men like to be at rest, especially in their own homes. And then I had snuffed the fumes of tea and toast as I entered the hall, and I supposed his supper might be waiting for him.

"My name is Philip Daggett, sir," I said; "and I have been sent up from the city to see you, and to help you if I can."

His seeming hauteur melted away in an instant, and he took me by the hand as though I had been an old friend.

"You have not been to tea, Mr. Daggett."

I told him I would go to the hotel and get tea, and call upon him at a later hour.

But he would not listen to any such thing. I must make his house my home while I remained in Poultney.

This had not been my plan; but upon reflection I saw an advantage in it.

"Mr. Pond," said I, "it had been very far from my thoughts to quarter myself upon you; but since you have broached the subject I think I see a good point gained thereby. I may thus pass for a friend of yours, on a visit to your family, and the interest which I may appear to take in this robbery will readily enough be ascribed to such sympathy as any such friend might feel."

So I went down and took tea with him, and after that we adjourned to his library, where he told me the story of the robbery.

"Last Wednesday, the thirteenth instant," said he, "by the noon train from the West, I received a box containing sixty thousand dollars in gold. On Friday, which was yesterday, I was intending to go to New York, when I intended to take the money with me. I should have gone on Thursday, but was waiting for a remittance from the East, which did not reach me until late on the afternoon of that day. This latter sum was fifty thousand dollars in notes on different New England banks. I ran it over to see that the amount was correct, but only took notice enough of the bills to determine that they were mostly on Boston banks. This belonged to myself and partner; but the gold was only part mine, forty thousand dollars of it having belonged to a friend. All this money—one hundred and ten thousand dollars—was locked up in the safe in my store, and in order to render it more secure I had my porter sleep in the store on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Yesterday morning I arose quite early, and went down to the store before breakfast, for I felt anxious to know that all was safe. I found the outer door closed, but unlocked, and as I entered I was somewhat startled upon finding one of the back windows open. I called for Thomas—the porter's name is Thomas Wagner—and the answer which I received was a low, painful groan that seemed to come from near the door of the counting-room. I went that way, and found the poor fellow lying upon the floor, literally covered with blood. He had received a severe cut upon the head; another cut on the left shoulder; and both his hands were badly cut; and further than this his clothing had been almost torn from his body. I lifted him up and placed a bale of cloth beneath his head, and then called for assistance; and when assistance had come I took a look into my counting-room. My safe was open—the lock had been blown off with gunpowder—and papers were scattered about the floor in all directions. As you may suppose, the money was all gone! For a little while I hardly know what I did. I ran to the rear window, and got out into the back yard; and then came by the cart-way to the street; and then re-entered the store by the front door. By this time a physician had arrived, and after due examination he pronounced none of the external wounds to be of a serious character; but from the symptoms of the patient he judged that some blow or blows had been received that had resulted in serious internal injury. After copious applications of cold water, and the administering of cordial, Thomas sat up, and was able to speak. I asked him if he knew that I had been robbed. It was some little time before he had wholly collected his senses; but finally he was able to tell his story.

"He said that just after ten o'clock he thought he heard footsteps in the back yard, and that he unbolted the rear door and went out; but he could find nobody there. At eleven o'clock he lay down and went to sleep. He had been at work pretty hard during the day, and as a consequence he slept quite soundly. He could not tell how long he had slept; but he was at length awakened by a peculiar noise, and upon starting up he found a light shining in the store, and by the draft of air he knew that either the back door or one of the windows was open. He had started to move in that direction, forgetting to take the pistol which he had placed under his pillow; but he had only gone a few steps when he was met by two men, one of whom struck him a heavy blow upon the head that knocked him down. He quickly regained his feet, when the same man struck at him again, but missed him. He then closed with the rascals, and one of them drew a knife and made several stabs at him. Wagner was a powerful man, and for some time he gave the robbers a hard battle; but finally his hands became weak from having been cut with the knife, when another blow upon the head laid him senseless upon the floor. He says he had an idea that the ruffians left him where he lay and went into the counting-room; and not long afterwards he heard something like the report of a musket. From that time he could remember nothing until he heard me call his name in the morning. It is peculiarly unfortunate that Thomas cannot give any clear description of the robbers. He only knows that they were both powerful fellows, and he thinks they had some sort of covering upon the upper parts of their faces."

"You say you found the front door of your store unlocked?" I remarked, after Mr. Pond had concluded.

'Yes," he replied. "That could be easily unlocked from the inside, and the robbers probably opened it merely to look out; but they must have entered by the back window. A hole had been made in the thick shutter large enough to admit a man's arm, and after that it was an easy matter to *unbolt it*."

"You say there were sixty thousand dollars in gold?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that would weigh," I said, after a little calculation, "not far from two hundred pounds."

"Just about that. But I forgot to tell you that the box was not carried off. That was found, empty, on the floor of the counting-room."

I then asked Mr. Pond if he had any suspicions touching the robbers.

He had none. He could only imagine that the robbers were strangers—that they had come on the train with the gold—that they knew where it had been deposited—and that they had had their plans all laid for getting possession of it.

"Of the paper money," he added, "they may have known nothing until they found it in the safe; but they were ready enough to take it."

"Have you the numbers of any of those bank notes?"

"I have none of them now; but I have sent to Boston, and shall probably get a return on Monday."

After this I proposed that we should walk down to the store, and then go and see Thomas Wagner, to which Mr. Pond readily assented.

I found the store to be a large, two-story, wooden building, nearly a hundred feet long, with counters upon either side, and with a short counter in the centre. The counting-room was in one corner, upon my right as I entered. The back yard, which I examined by the light of a lantern, I found to be quite spacious, and it was here that most of the heavy goods were unloaded, there being a cart-way, twelve feet wide, opening to the street. There was a heavy scantling gate at the entrance of this passage, but it was very seldom locked. There could be little doubt that Mr. Pond was right touching the manner in which the robbers had gained admittance to the store. A hole, eight inches in diameter, had been sawed in the outer shutter of one of the back windows, through which a man's arm could be inserted far enough to reach both the top and bottom bolts. Then there had been a hole bored through the sash, just under the brass fastening, so that the window had been easily opened.

"There is one thing certain," I said: "Whoever did this piece of work knew exactly the arrangement of the bolts of these shutters. There could have been no chance hit in the application of the bit and saw."

"I have thought of that," said the merchant. "But then a man could have gained all that information from the outside at any time when the shutters were open."

We then went into the counting-room and examined the safe. It was very large and strong, and would probably have resisted a pretty scorching fire; and the lock had been a strong one, and very elaborate in its system of wards and guards; but the key-hole had only been protected by a sliding cover, and the whole concern might as well have been of wood so far as protection against a practised burglar was concerned.

We found Thomas Wagner living in a small, low-roofed house, near a wet meadow, on the extreme outskirts of the village. His wife was with him, and by his bedside sat his son—a thick-set, broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, some five-and-twenty years of age, whose Christian name was Aruna. I certainly had no occasion at that time to suspect him of having been concerned in the robbery; but my long acquaintance with villains of every grade, and my natural aptness in reading physiognomies, led me to think to myself that I had never met a man who had more natural qualifications for a rascal than he had.

And Aruna Wagner was most assuredly "his mother's own child." He resembled her in every respect, so far as form and physiognomy were concerned. Had I found that mother and son in a New York den, I should have considered it my official duty to keep a close watch upon their movements.

Thomas Wagner, as I could judge of him as he lay upon the bed, mostly covered up, was a large-framed, muscular man, of about fifty years of age. His hair, which was of a dull red color, was shingled pretty closely, and the contour of the head agreed pretty well with the outlines of the face. There was not much intellect; but there was a certain amount of shrewdness, and a vast deal of determination, in those features. I could easily understand how such a man, if attacked by robbers, would fight to the death, if he was able, before he would give up. He was just such a man as I should have selected to bear heavy burdens up and down stairs; but I do not think that he was just such a man as I should have selected to stand guard alone over much treasure.

He had a thick bandage about his head; some strips of adhesive plaster upon his shoulder; and both his hands were bandaged.

"You have had a tough time of it, my friend," I said, after Mr. Pond had introduced me as an old acquaintance of his.

"Sum'at," he replied, in a weak, gurgling voice. "But I wouldn't a' minded it if I could only 'ave settled the cusses."

"I hope you are not much hurt."

He shook his head and groaned.

"'Taint the cuts, sir; but they jumped on me arter I was down, and the doctor says I'm hurt inside."

"Poor Thomas!" moaned the wife, in a tone and manner that did not seem at all natural to her. "He vomited up lots of blood, sir; and the doctor shakes his head when he looks at him."

"I am done for, sir," said the porter, gasping and groaning. "There's sum'at the matter in here as can't be mended. I'm bleedin' inside all the time."

I spent half an hour by the man's bedside, and got from him all the information he had to give; but it was little more than Mr. Pond had given me before.

"You had a fair view of the forms of the two men who attacked you?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Are you acquainted with the teamsters who bring goods to the store?"

"Yes, sir; I know 'em every one."

"Might it not have been that one or two of them had a hand in this?"

"Lord bless ye! no, sir."

I returned with Mr. Pond, somewhat puzzled. I had gained but little information yet beyond the simple facts of the robbery and its method. But then the case was before me, and I was bound to work it up if the thing were possible.

"Mr. Daggett," said my host, as we were getting ready to retire, "since you have been sent to help me I put the case into your hands. If you make nothing of it you shall be paid for your time and trouble; and if you succeed in finding the robbers and restoring even the bulk of the missing money, I will give you ten thousand dollars."

So I had a double incentive to action; and I do not think I stretch the truth when I say that professional pride was as strong a motive as was the hope of gaining the liberal reward.

The next day was Sunday. In the forenoon I attended church with Mr. Pond, and the afternoon I took to myself. As I passed the hotel I saw quite a collection of people in the bar-room, so I went in and sat down. The conversation was upon the robbery, and if I had taken the liberty of asking questions myself I do not know of one which I would have asked that was not asked by others present. One gentleman, who seemed to have a clear view of the matter, was anxious to ascertain if any strangers of a suspicious looking character had been seen in the village of late; but no one had any knowledge of any such. Two of the men engaged at the railway station were present, and they were positive that none such had landed there.

At the end of half an hour I went out, and determined to walk down and call upon Thomas Wagner, as I had some important questions I wished to ask him. I found the house and rapped at the door. Mrs. Wagner answered my summons, and I told her that I wished to speak with her husband.

She told me that I could see him; but she feared he was past speaking. She said he had been vomiting more blood, and that he was well nigh gone. I went in, and was soon convinced that I was too late for information. The man seemed to recognize me, but he could not speak. His lips were bloody, and blood appeared to froth out at every breath, and he seemed to breathe, too, with the utmost difficulty. I did not stop long, for the sufferer took no further notice of me after the first glance of recognition, and I felt that I was not needed. The woman followed me to the door, where she informed me that her son had gone for the doctor.

"Poor Thomas! I don't think he'll ever see the sun rise again. Hes been the good husband to me, sir."

At this point the afflicted wife put her dirty apron to her eyes, and with a very few words of cheer I left her.

I do not propose to weary the reader with an account of the fruitless efforts I made to hunt up the robbers; so I shall pass very briefly over the events of two or three weeks.

On Monday Mr. Pond received from Boston the numbers of most of the bank notes he had lost, and on this Monday, too, we heard that Thomas Wagner had died On Tuesday he was buried. A few of the hands in the store attended the funeral. Mr. Pond went down to the cot in the forenoon and carried to the widow a generous sum of money; but he did not see the corpse, as the coffin had already been closed, and the top screwed down.

On Wednesday I found some tracks which I thought it worth while to follow, and I followed them for two weeks, and made nothing of it. Then I returned to Poultney, where I found nothing new, save that Mrs. Wagner and her son had sold off what little of worldly goods they possessed, and had gone out West.

Somehow I had allowed a strong suspicion to possess me that all was not right with Aruna Wagner, and while I was debating with myself whether I had best follow him, a circumstance transpired which helped me much. I was in the office of the hotel when a gentleman came in and asked the landlord to give him small bills for a bank note of one hundred dollars. Such a note was sure to have interest for me, and I asked the privilege of looking at it. It was an issue of the *Suffolk Bank*, of Boston, and upon referring to the list which Mr. Pond had given me, I found that I had the number of that very note! I recognized the gentleman as a grocer and provision dealer of the place, so I stated to him that that was one of the notes which had been stolen from Mr. Pond's safe; and as soon as I had convinced him that such was the fact, he told me how he came by it. He had just received it by mail from a man in Brantford, a town on the railroad, and about forty miles distant. I took the note, giving change for it from my own pocket, and before the sun went down I was in Brantford. I found the man who had sent the note to Poultney, and he had received the note from a clothing dealer whose store was close by. I called upon the clothing dealer, and he had received the note from a stranger; and when he had described that stranger, I recognized the exact description of Mr. Aruna Wagner. Half an hour afterwards I was on board a freight train bound back to Poultney, having made up my mind that I would obtain some further information, if possible, touching Aruna's location in the West, and then set myself upon his track.

I reached Poultney about midnight, and went to the hotel. In the morning, when I came down from my room, I saw a man in the lower hall who motioned to me with his finger. He was a rough-looking, sharp-visaged fellow, with cold, grey eyes, a sallow, bloodless, complexion, square-built, and heavily-framed.

"Do you wish to speak with me?" I asked.

"Your name's Daggett, aint it?" he replied, in a hoarse, unpleasant whisper.

I told him it was.

He said he wanted to speak with me in private.

I saw by the man's anxious manner that he had something upon his mind which he, at least, considered of importance, and as I never allow myself to throw a chance away, let it come from where it will, I told him to follow me to my chamber. He did so; and when I had closed the door and given him a chair, he sat down and began to twirl his dirty hat upon his thumb.

"Now, my friend," said I, "if you have business let it be business, and the fewer the words the better, for my time is valuable just now."

"You're arter the chaps as robbed the big safe down to Pond's store, aren't ye?" he returned, a little carefully.

I told him I was.

"And I s'pose you'll make a good thing out on't if you find 'em, won't ye?"

This man evidently knew something, and I meant to get it out of him, so I confessed that I should make a good thing if I succeeded.

"Well, now," he went on, "s'posin' I could put ye on the right track, wouldn't ye be willin' to make a little divvy with me?"

"Would you put me on the track of Aruna Wagner?"

"Was he the old 'un's boy?"

"Yes."

"Lord bless ye, no! I'd put ye on a better track 'n that."

"What is it?" I asked.

"But will ye divvy?"

I was about to inform my strange visitor that he must come to the point at once, when he reached out his forefinger and interrupted me.

"Look here, Mister Daggett, I found out 'at you was the detective what was workin' up this 'ere case, and I thought I'd come and help ye if ye'd divvy with me. Now, mind ye, I aint a—a—robber, and I never had no hand in stealin' anybody's money in all my life; but still I should want ye to make me a solemn promise that ye wouldn't never let out what I tell ye. Will yer do that?"

"If you had no hand in this robbery, you have my word that I will not betray any other secret you may open to me," I told him.

"And if I open yer eyes—if I put ye on the right track—will ye divvy?—will ye come down handsome?"

"If you will give me reliable information that shall lead to the arrest of the robbers, other than Aruna Wagner, I will give you one hundred dollars."

The cold grey eyes snapped, and the bony, dirty hands came down with a slap upon his knees.

"Done!" he cried. "I shall hold ye to that figger. What say if I should put ye onto the track of *the old 'un hisself?*"

"What?"

"Onto the track of THE OLD 'UN!"

"Do you mean Thomas Wagner?"

"Exactly."

A dim, vague, shapeless suspicion, which I had before tried in vain to analyze, was assuming tangible form in my mind.

"Out with it," I cried. "Lead me to that, and the hundred dollars are yours!"

"And ye won't blow?"

"Not a syllable."

"Then, sir," said the man, slowly and surely, "when Tom. Wagner's funeral took place a coffin was buried, but Tom. Wagner wasn't in it. A stick of wood, just about as heavy as a man, was in that 'ere coffin!"

"How do you know that?"

"Remember, you won't blow."

"You have my word of honor that I will not."

"Well, then, I digged down arter that ere body the very next night, and when I come to the coffin, and had pried the kiver off, and went to hitch a rope around the neck, I found a log of wood all rolled up in two or three old quilts, and there wa'n't no body there. That's a nice way to cheat the doctors as wants human subjects to cut up, isn't it?"

Of course there was a bare possibility that there might be some failure—some weak point—in this bit of testimony, but I did not allow my mind to run much in that direction. I asked the resurrectionist what his name was.

"Seein' as you've got my story," said he, in an off-hand way, "you may have the rest in welcome. My name is Adam Dogbear."

"Very well, Mr. Dogbear. A bargain is a bargain. I was to pay you one hundred dollars for information that would lead to the arrest of the robbers, and as soon as I assure myself that your story is true, you shall have the money."

"Come with me to-night," he urged, "and I'll show ye. You shall see the inside o' that ere pine box for yerself."

But I told him there was no need of that. If I wished to look into that grave, I would do so by daylight, and in the presence of the sexton. I furthermore told him if he would go about his business, and hold his tongue, I would pay him ten dollars down, and give him the rest as soon as I had found Thomas Wagner. He seemed satisfied with this, so I gave him ten dollars, and he left me.

As soon as I had eaten my breakfast, I hurried away to see the physician who had attended upon Thomas Wagner. I asked him if he saw his patient after he died.

"No," said he. "The old fellow requested, before he died, that no one should be allowed to gaze upon his disfigured form. He said that folks who never cared for him while he was alive, would come after he was dead, just to satisfy their curiosity, and he didn't want it so. His wife and son had him nailed up in his coffin in a very few hours after he was dead."

I called upon others who had helped to nurse the wounded man, and they all told the same story that the doctor had told. I then went to Mr. Pond, and told him that I believed I had got upon track of his missing money. I explained to him what I thought proper, and then left him.

From this point I took a brother officer named Swinton to help me. That night we were in Brantford, and from thence, without much difficulty, we traced Aruna Wagner and his mother to Indianapolis. Thence we traced them down the Wabash to Vincennes, where, for the first time, we heard of a third party. At Vincennes they had been joined by a large, stout, middle-aged man, who left with them for the Mississippi. But this man's description did not answer at all to that of Thomas Wagner, except in the mere matter of bulk. He was described as having long, black, curly hair, very dark complexion, and as appearing to be quite a gentleman. But after more particular inquiry of the keeper of the hotel where this individual had stopped, I thought I recognized my man. He had called his name Jonas Stapleton, a thing which Thomas Wagner could easily do, and as for the black hair and dark complexion, in these days of pigment and wigs, nothing could be more simple.

From Vincennes we followed the trail across the country to St. Louis, where, after a search of two days, we found Aruna Wagner and his mother, and with them we found Mr. Jonas Stapleton. I saw the man first in the back parlor of a low public house, and I am confident that he might have gone into Mr. Pond's store at Poultney, and remained there an hour, without his old mates recognizing him. As the house in which our game had taken shelter was of rather a dubious character, and as both Thomas and Aruna had shown themselves to be bold and reckless, I thought it best to call two policemen to aid us, which they gladly did.

When we entered the house we found the trio at tea by themselves. The moment Aruna saw me, he started to his feet and drew a pistol, but Swinton had gone in before me, and was in season to give the young man a gentle tap upon the arm with a billy that let his pistol fall to the floor. We had some trouble with the gentleman of the long, black, curling hair, and Mrs. Wagner did not very readily succumb, but we overcame them at length, and when I had lifted the black wig from the head of the bellicose gentleman, Thomas Wagner stood before us. There was no need of washing away the stain from the skin, or of taking the dark dye from the eyebrows and beard. The stiff, sandy bristles were just starting out over the wounded scalp, and I could not repress a momentary smile at the ludicrous figure he cut.

The rest of my story can be told in a very few words. We brought our three prisoners back with us to Poultney, and as good fortune would have it, we secured very near the full amount that had been taken from the safe, only about five hundred dollars being missing. They had not begun to launch out when we nabbed them. Thomas Wagner, when he found that there was no possible hope for him, made to Mr. Pond a full confession. He and his son had been planning for a long time to rob the safe, and had only waited until there should be a large amount of money in it. About twelve o'clock on the night of the robbery, his wife and Aruna both came up, and he let them in by the back window. He then blew the safe open, and while his assistants were taking the gold from the box, and putting it into two bags, he had sawed out the piece from the shutter, and bored the hole in the sash. The wounds he had inflicted upon himself, except the one upon the scalp, and that his son had done with a jackknife. Touching the pains which he had pretended to suffer, those had been mostly assumed, and in the other matter he had managed to effectually deceive the physician by drinking small quantities of blood, which Aruna procured fresh from the veins of a calf that was kept in an outhouse, and then taking doses of emetic, which his dutiful son also provided. Arrangements for disguising himself had been made several weeks before, so that, on the night while his wife and son were packing the log of wood into the coffin, he was on his way by the night-train to Buffalo.

The good people of Poultney pronounced it a very strange affair, and for several weeks the log of wood that had been resurrected from the graveyard was an object of rare curiosity. And these same good people regarded me as something possessed of wit and penetration rather more than human, for I could not tell them how simply the knowledge of the contents of that grave had come to me—I could not have done it without betraying my good friend, Mr. Adam Dogbear, and that was a thing I could not do, so I allowed the multitude to believe that I had worked it all out as the astronomer solves a difficult celestial problem.

I paid Mr. Dogbear the remaining ninety dollars, and he pronounced me a gentleman. And I paid it cheerfully, feeling that the information had been worth the money. And yet I am confident that I should have got at the same result without his assistance. I should certainly have found Aruna Wagner, for I had determined upon that before I saw Dogbear, and if I had found him, I should have been most likely to have found his father also. Still, those things are very uncertain, and I have no disposition to allow any consideration of what might have happened without his assistance to detract from the merits of my friend, THE RESURRECTIONIST.

TRUTH.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend. He who gives way to angry invective furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified, and persuasive. The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it. Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet of the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world. Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and, in a future age, their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they retain a hold no longer on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

A GENTLEMAN.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

ODE TO APPETITE.

BY J. BARBER.

Thou subtile sprite,
Invisible provoker of delight,
Whose touch electric stirs the gastric juice—
Be thou my muse;
Help me thine own eulogium to produce
In gastronomic song!
Song that shall palate-tickling thoughts awake,
And with its flavor sweet disturbance make
The stomach's nerves among;
Breeding such visions as entrance the soul
When through the savory air, suggestive, roll
The quivering echoes of the festive gong.

When Winter, from the wild north-west,
Charges with icy spear in rest—
His white plumes filling all the sky
And crystal mail his panoply—
Thou runn'st, regardless of his rage,
Beside his rein, a jovial page.
And when the Spring her violet eyes
Opens to greet the softening skies,
And from warm nooks, the hills between,
Peeps at the Sun the quickened green;
When brooks, no longer tongue-tied, sing,
And foam-shod dance a highland-fling,
Down rocks that to their music ring.
I feel thy spells, galvanic elf,
Pervading all my inner self.
Then Fancy, from the skipping lamb,
Abstracts the dainty loin and hand,
Roasts them before a mythic fire,
And serves, with mint sauce, to Desire:
A dish apocryphal, alas!
Hind-quarter of a lamb of gas—
But yet a vision of delight,
Evoked by thee, oh! Appetite!
Rare fish, too, from the spring-tide brooks,
Imagination steals and cooks.
Imaginary trout are mine,
Caught with ideal rod and line;
And afterward, if trout there be
Within the pale of fishmongrie,
The vision Fancy thus supplies,
Urged by thy spells, I realize.

In summer, when the strawberries lush
The emerald fields with ruby flush,
And round the knolls their leaves are set,
As round a ducal coronet,
Thy magic gives the fruit its zest,
And like a babe at nature's breast,
The rosy cones with eager lip
I seize, and sweetest nectar sip.
Nor cease to banquet as I may,
While thou stay'st with me, viewless fay.
With bracing Autumn comes a *fête*,
No rhyme can fitting celebrate.
Swift work thou mak'st with feathered game;
With wild-deer haunch and sirloin tame;
With fish of stream and lake and bay;
With luscious fruit from vine and spray;
Peaches, with octoroon-like cheeks;
Pears, painted with auroral streaks;
Melons, whose musky outward fold
Hives treasures of dissolving gold;
Egg-plums, that one might well surmise
Were laid by birds of Paradise—
So rich and beautiful each hue
That gleams the polished surface through;
And purple bulbs by Bacchus blown,
Boy-like, in many a clustered cone;
From Plenty's tilted horn roll, free,
An offering, Appetite, to thee!

JOSEPHINE'S DIVORCE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REPRIEVE.

Lady Whittlesea looked at Josephine again. A vision of poor cowed Miss Young trembling and shrinking rose before her mind. Josephine, bold and handsome, gained by the contrast.

"Why do you come here teasing me?" said she, in a peevish tone. "If you like to stay, stay. I don't care. The weather may change to-morrow."

"Thank you," replied Josephine, curtly, and without further parley she went back to the breakfast-room and rang the bell.

"I am going to stay," said she to the housemaid who answered it.

Nothing could exceed the joy she felt at the reprieve. Snug, warm and comfortable, she could look out at her two gaunt enemies and laugh.

For the next hour she sat by the fire ruminating. Her ruminations were of a pleasant nature, to judge from the expression of her face. They took in an ample space of that dubious land, the future. They were daring and speculative. But then, we repeat it, Josephine was an adventuress.

When Lady Whittlesea was helped into the drawing-room by Perkins, Josephine was sitting there at her work, looking as composed as if no desperate anxieties were gnawing at her heart.

She rose and assisted her ladyship to the great easy chair by the fire. Then she sat down and began to work again.

Lady Whittlesea scowled at her, but Josephine took no notice. At length she said querulously:

"I am very poorly this morning. I took cold yesterday. I was sure to do so when Perkins left the carriage window open. Perkins never had any sense."

"Shall I read to you?" said Josephine, taking up the daily paper which lay upon the table.

"Yes, you may. But stop! I have some letters to answer. Perkins always writes for me, and a pretty hash she makes of it. I suppose you can use a pen?"

"I hope so," replied Josephine, shortly.

"Very well; there is paper in that desk. Now, are you ready?"

The correspondence was one of business, and without special interest. When Josephine had finished she showed her writing to Lady Whittlesea.

"Humph! not a bad hand!" was all the commendation vouchsafed.

"Now I will read to you," said Josephine.

And she read the paper from beginning to end. She had one of those untiring natures the possession of which is an invaluable boon.

Lady Whittlesea sat, her elbows resting on the arms of her chair, and the tips of her fingers joining each other. She seemed balancing possibilities and probabilities.

A day shut up with Lady Whittlesea would have been intolerable to many people. Not so to Josephine.

Compared with the miseries she had suffered, it was a day of unparalleled ease and luxury. She did not mind her ladyship's tempers in the least. A home, a place in the social scale was what she was bent on wresting from destiny.

In her heart Lady Whittlesea could not help admiring Josephine.

She had no compassion for the friendless orphan, such as Josephine described herself to be; but she felt her comfort increased in a sensible degree by Josephine's attention. Miss Young she could not tolerate a moment; but Miss Young was ill-looking, and a dowdy.

The next morning Josephine was roused from her sleep by a scraping noise. It was made by some half-dozen men scraping the snow from the front of the house.

Such a fall of snow had not been known for years.

Josephine's heart danced for joy.

To travel in weather like this was out of the question.

"My lucky star is in the ascendant," thought she, as she sipped her coffee by the blazing fire. "I shall stay in her ladyship's very teeth."

* * * * * *

Two, three, four days slipped by—days when every one was weather-bound; when ice, and snow, and frost, and biting winds had it their own way; but days which saved Josephine from destruction.

When they were over, the old lady had found out that no one could settle her cushions, or make her chocolate, or help her while away the dreary hours, like Josephine. Perkins had hitherto been her sole companion; but Perkins was by means amusing, and was, besides, getting as deaf as a post.

Then, precisely at the epoch, Perkins succumbed to the prevailing complaint—influenza—and was lost sight of.

Her place had, in the natural course of things, to be filled by Josephine.

In fact, the old lady would have been sorely put about if Josephine had taken it into her head to decamp. Josephine knew this, and she chose that golden opportunity of forcing her ladyship to terms.

The immediate fear of dismissal over, she had grown confident and at her ease. With a firm voice and unflinching manner she opened her case just when the old lady had begun to feel her entire dependence on Josephine's skill and tact as a companion—when, this dreary weather and Perkins gone, she would have been utterly lost without her.

Then Josephine began to ask what were her ladyship's intentions.

She thought the weather did not mean to change. It would evidently be an old-fashioned winter. Time was valuable, and she wished to make some arrangements here or elsewhere. Lady Whittlesea would not object to give her a recommendation.

Lady Whittlesea had just been comfortably settled in her easy chair, and was preparing to be amused and cared for as usual. She had not made up her mind in the least what to do; and, besides, she wanted to hear the news contained in the daily paper, which lay upon the table. So she said, jerking out her words crossly:

"I want to hear the paper read now, not to be teased about business."

"Excuse me," said Josephine, firmly, "but I feel it incumbent on myself to form some more advantageous plan than the present. I entered your house unexpectedly, and, as it seemed, unwished-for. You kindly gave me shelter until the extreme inclemency of the weather should abate. I, on my part, have repaid the hospitality by every attention in my power. So far we are quits. But I am a poor girl, and I have my livelihood to procure. I wish for a *bona fide* situation—one where I could earn money, and make myself independent."

"Humph! there is no such great hurry," replied Lady Whittlesea, uneasily. "Why can't you wait till Perkins is better?"

"Perkins will not be better for a long time yet."

"How do you know that, pray?" asked the old lady, angrily.

"Because the doctor told me so yesterday. He said he doubted if she would ever recover sufficiently to keep her place."

"He did not tell me so."

"No; he thought it would vex you. But he asked me to break the news to you."

"Humph! very provoking. That's just how people do in this world," cried Lady Whittlesea. "If they can do nothing else, they fall ill, on purpose to torment you."

"I am sorry for it," observed Josephine, quietly; "but it is not my fault."

"It is your fault to want to go," retorted the old lady, peevishly. "You know I can't spare you."

"I have no wish to leave you, Lady Whittlesea, if you will act fairly by me."

The old lady fidgeted in her chair.

"What do you want?" said she, crossly.

"I want a definite position and a fixed salary," replied Josephine, boldly.

"Humph! And how am I to be sure you are what you represent yourself to be? Where did you say you came from?"

"From Dorsetshire. The Godfreys of Dorsetshire are as old a family as any in England," replied Josephine, with the utmost readiness.

And so they were. But beyond the most remote relationship on the part of her husband, Josephine had no link whatever to connect her with them.

"And who did you say your father was?"

"I believe he was—— He died before I was born," added Josephine, quickly. "I told you I was an orphan, and had been cast on the world from my cradle. If you think that a drawback I cannot help it."

"Humph! I should like you to read the paper to me now," said Lady Wittlesea, wishing to change the subject.

"Pardon me, I wish to have this matter settled. I have heard of another situation, and if you decline to engage me——"

"How teasing you are!" cried Lady Whittlesea, peevishly. "I will think the matter over, I tell you. We need not discuss it any more at present."

"I am sorry to appear pertinacious, but this delay will not suit me," replied Josephine, with decision. "I have been here long enough to convince you of my fitness or otherwise for the office of companion. I will trouble you to decide the question at once."

"Dear me! how can I decide? Mrs. Horace will be here next month. Mrs. Horace——"

"Has nothing whatever to do with *your* choice. *You* are the party interested in the matter," said Josephine.

"Yet Mrs. Horace sent you," jerked out the old lady.

Josephine was silent.

"So there need be no hurry at all," added Lady Whittlesea, reassuring herself, and handing the paper to Josephine. "I want particularly to know how the joint-stock bank——"

But Josephine laid aside the paper with an air of determination.

She was resolved to push the matter to extremities.

"I must beg you will excuse me. Am I to consider myself at liberty?"

"At liberty! I should think not; and Perkins ill in bed; and not a creature to attend to me. At liberty, indeed!"

"There has been no engagement between us whatever," said Josephine, fixing her keen black eyes on the old lady's face.

"No, because there has not been time. I have not made up my mind. Mrs. Horace——"

"I repeat it—Mrs. Horace has nothing whatever to do with it. The matter lies between ourselves. If you do not engage me I must seek some other situation. I received a letter," said Josephine, feeling in her pocket, "by this morning's post——"

She stopped. The old lady eyed her with alarm. Not for any given sum would she have parted with Josephine at that juncture.

But according to an old established custom of hers, she wanted to play fast and loose.

"You are very ungrateful," she whimpered, "and I am sure I don't know what you want. Considering how you behaved, coming into the house by storm, and so on, I wonder at you—I do, indeed!"

Josephine made no answer. She was gradually drawing the letter from her pocket.

"I don't see why I should be driven into anything against my will," continued Lady Whittlesea, still grumbling.

"Oh, dear no," replied Josephine; "and now I come to reflect, this other situation may, after all, suit me the best. The salary offered——"

"What salary do you want?" asked the old lady, suddenly.

"Forty pounds."

Lady Whittlesea gave a great gasp.

"I will talk it over with Mrs. Horace," said she, faintly.

"There will not be time. I am going to reply to this letter immediately."

And Josephine rose as if to leave the room. The old lady's face exhibited all the agonies of indecision.

Her selfishness and her cupidity were at strife. Her selfishness laid claim to Josephine and all her agreeable attentions. Her cupidity wished to evade the question of remuneration altogether. Still, when it came to that, she could not let Josephine go.

"Stop a minute, Miss Godfrey; there is no hurry. The post does not go out till night."

"I am not sure that I shall write at all," replied Josephine, carelessly. "The lady wishes a personal interview; I have a great mind to start off at once."

"What! and never come back?" almost shrieked Lady Whittlesea.

Josephine smiled to herself as she said:

"Oh, no! The probability is that I should never come back."

The old lady groaned in the anguish of her spirit.

"What am I to do?" she cried, helplessly.

"Do this!" replied Josephine, firmly, and returning to the seat from which she had risen: "engage me at once as companion, and give me a fixed salary; then I will stay."

"Well! well! Thirty pounds——"

"No, *forty*."

"Forty is too much; I cannot afford it."

Josephine rose again from her chair.

"Well! well! *forty*, then," cried the old lady, who, in spite of her harshness and tyranny, was fast becoming a tool in the hands of Josephine; "forty. But I will not undertake laundry expenses, or anything extra. You must pay for your own washing."

A rustling sound proceeded from Josephine's pocket.

"Laundry expenses are included as a matter of course," she said; "also, the cost of travelling."

"I can't do it, then; no, indeed, I can't. You are very hard upon me," groaned Lady Whittlesea.

"I am sorry for it. I would rather have remained here," said Josephine, moving towards the door with an ominous expression of face.

"Stop! stop! you are too hasty. Come back, and let me consider what to do."

Josephine came back.

"I must be at the station in an hour," she said, quietly.

"Dear me, was ever anything so vexatious! You might be contented to stay till Perkins is well. Won't you stay?" asked the old lady, imploringly.

"On my own terms I will."

"I told you I would give you forty pounds."

"But the laundry expenses and the travelling," asked Josephine; "how about these?"

"Well, I suppose I must let you have your own way," said the old lady, peevishly.

"You will engage me for the year," said Josephine, quickly.

The old lady hesitated.

"I don't quite know," she said, dubiously.

"I shall not be willing to engage for a less period," resumed Josephine.

"I suppose I must, then. I don't care! I hate to be teased out of my life!" exclaimed Lady Whittlesea.

Josephine rose and fetched pen and ink.

"Perhaps you will put it down in black and white," she said. "I should prefer it."

"Am I obliged?" said the old lady, drawing back.

"It is a custom I do not like to omit," replied Josephine.

The old lady, wearied with contention, faint for her port wine jelly, and dreading the idea of being abandoned, took the pen and wrote as follows:

"I, Martha Whittlesea, engage Josephine Godfrey to be my useful companion for the space of twelve months, and engage to pay her the sum of forty pounds sterling, and also to defray her laundry and travelling expenses. Witness my hand.

Feb. 10th. MARTHA WHITTLESEA.

"And now I hope I may have a little peace," said the old lady, sinking back in her chair. "I am quite worn out."

Josephine caught up the paper, and hurried to her room.

When there, she threw herself on the bed and burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"I am saved," she cried, "from *perishing!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. HORACE.

And now, whether for right or for wrong, whether for good or for evil, Josephine had fixed herself in Lady Whittlesea's house.

She was, for the time at least, in a position of safety and of comfort. She could lie down at night and sleep securely: she could rise in the morning and fear no evil.

Her duties were neither arduous nor trying. Josephine was no down-trodden slave of a capricious old woman. No. From the first she ruled Lady Whittlesea with a sway that was almost despotic.

Many causes contributed to this state of things: Josephine's own powers of resistance; the old lady's increased enjoyments—her increasing infirmities, too, which caused a passiveness heretofore unknown. She began to rely on Josephine—she even deferred to her. Miss Young could never have attained, after years of acquaintance, to the pinnacle Josephine reached with ease in a fortnight. So much for superior tact and dexterity. Josephine now began to reap the fruits of her labors.

It was pleasant to ride out in the fine spring weather, amid budding hedgerows and singing birds—pleasant to walk abroad well clothed, well fed, and well cared for. Josephine's cheek grew round and rosy, her eye was bright, and her step elastic.

These were palmy days for her.

She had never heard any tidings of her husband. Sometimes she tried to imagine him successful. To write to him, to attempt any kind of correspondence whatever, would be impolitic. He might present himself at Lady Whittlesea's door ragged and penniless.

No. It had been a clear, straightforward arrangement. Each stood on his or her own foundation.

To say that Josephine felt no touch of interest in the fate of one with whom her early hopes had been associated, would be to make her out little short of a monster. She did feel an interest, but, as we said before, she tried to imagine him successful.

One lurking care, however, would begin to eat into the heart of Josephine's prosperity. One rock appeared rising above the smooth waters over which she was sailing, and against which she might, after all, make shipwreck—*Mrs. Horace!*

The more scraps of information Josephine picked up touching Mrs. Horace, the more clearly defined this fear became.

Mrs. Horace had a resolute will and indomitable energy. So had Josephine. But Mrs. Horace stood in a strong position, Josephine in a weak one.

Up there was Mrs. Horace, down here was Josephine. Mrs. Horace, by one stroke, might overthrow Josephine. It was a woman against a woman.

Many and many a time did Josephine, in imagination, measure strength with Mrs. Horace. She knew exactly her own vulnerable part. Mrs. Horace would sift her to the very last grain, and how could she stand the process?

True, she had the black and white agreement to produce. But then, what was that against a few disagreeable phrases, such as "impostor," "false pretences," &c., which might possibly be rung in her ear—nay, which might result in a fatal disaster?

So speculated Josephine, and a dreary speculation it was.

She had absolutely no antidote to this alarm save in the favor of Lady Whittlesea.

Lady Whittlesea, bereft of Perkins, who had gone home for change of air, felt Josephine to be absolutely indispensable.

And here was Josephine's stronghold.

There was no recurring to the past or reviving the question of pedigree or references. The old lady was too well satisfied with her present arrangements to wish for any inopportune discovery. The favorite stood on her own merits, and by them she should be judged.

Still it was tiresome, and puzzling, too, for Mrs. Horace to be recurring again and again to the vexed question of companionship.

"I am coming the first of next month," she wrote, "and Anastatia with me. I am quite determined that you shall have a companion."

"I can't think what Mrs. Horace means," said her ladyship to Josephine. "If she sent you, and you said she did, why does she want me to have somebody else?"

Josephine was silent. Dare she let out the whole truth? Would it be expedient? Honesty said, "Yes, by all means and at all risks." Policy said, "No; the ground is not safe at present."

Josephine followed the instincts of her nature. She chose to be guided by policy.

"Mrs. Horace may not wish her secrets to be found out," said she.

And then she artfully turned the subject into another channel.

For the next ten days Josephine worked harder than ever.

Lady Whittlesea, pleased, flattered, fascinated, lay in her favorite's hands spellbound, and, as it were, at her mercy.

The old lady seemed to regard Mrs. Horace's visit without any great enthusiasm, but she evidently doted upon Anastatia. One day she told Josephine in confidence that Anastatia was likely to marry a baronet; "at least, Sir Philip Ormond is paying his addresses to her," said the old lady, exultingly, "and of course we shall have him at Showberry."

"Miss Anastatia must be very young," said Josephine, thinking of the *carte-de-visite*.

"Yes, she is young. Sir Philip is twenty years older, at least," said Lady Whittlesea, who was disposed to be communicative. "But then it would never do to let such an advantageous offer slip," added she, decidedly. "Oh, dear, no."

And the old lady sat looking at Josephine, and wondering whether she had ever had a chance of getting married, "because she is nice looking and very clever," thought Lady Whittlesea.

Then Lady Whittlesea, who was talkative that morning, began to dilate upon the riches and the grandeur of the Ormond family, and of the estate to which Sir Philip had recently succeeded, all which remarks Josephine heard with feigned interest, but with profound indifference.

Indeed, the old lady's words passed through her ears like an idle song.

What were the loves or the glories of Sir Philip and of Anastatia to her, when Mrs. Horace loomed dangerously in the distance?

CHAPTER IX.

OPEN WAR.

"I hope cook will have the dinner to a moment," said Lady Whittlesea. "Mrs. Horace never likes to wait."

It was the first of May, a bright, balmy spring day, and Lady Whittlesea and Josephine were dressed for dinner, and sitting in an attitude of expectation.

The carriage was gone to fetch Mrs. Horace from the station.

Lady Whittlesea was fluttered and a little excited. She felt proud of the grand-daughter who was on the eve of marrying a baronet. Josephine looked pale but composed. Her lips were compressed, and the lines which had faded into obscurity re-appeared and stood out with their accustomed harshness. She moved about the room as if restless and ill at ease. The least noise startled her, and her eager eyes were ever looking out into the street. Her heart was beating convulsively under her silk dress. By instinct she felt that an enemy was approaching.

Presently a carriage came rattling up to the door of the house.

Josephine turned quickly from the window, a mist swimming before her eyes. In that moment she had caught sight of voluminous folds of velvet, a hat with purple feathers, and a profusion of golden curls.

These things were jumbled together in confusion.

"Go down and meet them, Miss Godfrey," cried Lady Whittlesea, hastily, and getting still further excited. "Make haste!"

Josephine gave a quick, short gasp. Then she went down the broad staircase, holding her head erect.

When she got into the hall she found herself face to face with Mrs. Horace.

Sympathies and antipathies seem in some cases to be a law unto themselves. In a single moment these two women, without any previous acquaintance whatever, regarded each other with mutual distrust and dislike. It was Mrs. Horace's nature to disbelieve in her fellow-creatures.

As she stood in the hall, her magnificent dress falling round her in rich folds, and giving her stately and majestic person every possible advantage, she looked like one whose office it is to crush.

She had crushed many weak, defenceless women, and swept them from her path like insects: women in subordinate positions, whose integrity she had doubted—women of the world, whom she had met once on equal terms, but who had since succumbed to her imperious disdain.

In the circle in which she moved Mrs. Horace was paramount.

Who, then, was this dark-eyed girl, who had taken upon herself to receive her—and to receive her with cool politeness, nothing more?

She bent her cold, grey eye on Josephine, and asked (in a voice with a metallic ring in it) whom she had the pleasure of addressing.

"I am Miss Godfrey, her ladyship's companion," said Josephine, quietly.

"What!" And Mrs. Horace put her glass to her eye. "Did you say her companion?"

"Now, then, mamma, do let us go up stairs," said a sweet voice behind. "I want to see grandmamma!"

The voice, sweet as silver bells, touched Josephine's sympathies to the quick. It belonged to Anastasia.

Anastasia had been speaking to Perkins, who had returned the day before. Josephine did not see her face till that minute.

"She is more beautiful than her picture," thought Josephine—"oh, far more beautiful!"

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Godfrey," said Anastasia, holding out her hand kindly and frankly. "It is very good of you to take pity on poor grandmamma."

"Anastasia!" said her mother, severely, "you forget yourself."

Anastasia fell back a little, that her august mother might pass up stairs. As the velvet folds moved on with stately pride, she whispered to Josephine:

"Do not mind mamma. I am your friend."

It was a curious speech to make. But Anastasia was used to drop oil into the wounds made by Mrs. Horace.

Josephine smiled.

"You are very kind," she said, "but I can hold my own."

No two faces in the world could be more unlike each other than these two. Anastasia's was full of sensibility. Her blue eyes beamed tenderness. Where she got it was a wonder, for tenderness did not come of the Whittlesea stock, nor of the Horace blood either. Yet Anastasia was the very creature of feeling and of sentiment. No possible process could have made her into a woman of the world. She was as fresh and unsophisticated as a shepherdess of Arcadia.

We know Josephine, and Josephine's history.

Josephine did not enter the drawing-room. She retired to her chamber to *think*—to get out her weapons, in fact, and feel their edges.

"If she is proud, so am I; if she is crafty, so am I!" And the hard lines got harder and more unpleasant.

Presently Josephine's face relaxed. She was thinking of Anastasia with a kind of pity. For this world, with its quips and cranks, its pitfalls, its bleak and stony places, seemed hardly fit for such as she was.

When dinner was announced, and Josephine took her place at table, she felt that hostilities had commenced in earnest. It was evident that by compulsion only would Mrs. Horace eat bread with her. Josephine entered the lists tacitly, and with the intention of acting wholly on the defensive. When Mrs. Horace tried to spike her, which she did several times during dinner, Josephine put up a shield, that was all.

After dinner, Josephine would have retired, but Lady Whittlesea desired her to follow them into the drawing-room.

Josephine obeyed without any apparent reluctance. She brought her work, and sat in her accustomed place. She had the air of a person thoroughly established.

Mrs. Horace, on the contrary, regarded her presence there as unauthorized. She sat on the sofa in a half-reclining attitude, nearly covering it with her velvet folds, and now and then looking loftily at Josephine. Her looks said plainly:

"It is all very fine, Miss Godfrey, but I shall displace you to-morrow!"

Josephine heeded none of these things. She held fast by the old lady.

Just at this juncture Lady Whittlesea said to her daughter:

"And pray when is Harry King coming?"

Josephine knew that Harry King was a poor relation much snubbed by Mrs. Horace, upon whom he was dependant! She had heard him spoken of as residing at Whittlesea Manor in the capacity of steward or bailiff. He was a favorite with the old lady, who employed him to look after her tenants. "When is Harry coming?" she repeated. "I thought he was to have a holiday!"

"Nonsense, mother! he wants no holiday; he must work," replied Mrs. Horace, sternly.

"Humph! if you bend the bow too tight it may snap," replied the old lady, who always contradicted Mrs. Horace; "besides, I want Harry."

"Then you can't have him, mother. He must look after the workmen. I have left workmen in the house."

"Humph! In my opinion the lad ought to have a profession," said the old lady, soon after.

"*Profession*, mother!"

"Yes, I don't see why not. The church, or the law."

"Where is the money to come from?" asked Mrs. Horace, grimly.

"Well, as to that——" began Lady Whittlesea, but Mrs. Horace cut her short.

"Harry will manage my estate. That is profession enough for him."

Nothing more was said; but when, soon after, Josephine and her patroness were alone, the old lady said, in a quick, firm tone:

"Get out my desk, Miss Godfrey. I want you to write and tell Harry to come."

Josephine obeyed with alacrity, and when the letter was written, Lady Whittlesea said, chuckling with delight:

"Now, then, put on your bonnet, and run with it to the post. I *will* have Harry!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CONTENTMENT.

In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which was placed a stone with this inscription: "This house was erected by Count D., to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now, I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will, therefore, please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions; but I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man; I beg you will retire. If you were quite contented, you would not want my house."

A RIDDLE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage, and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat, or his cabbage, on the other side of the river. The answer is:—He must take the goat first, the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat; in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

◆

CLEANLINESS.—There is a homely, but very forcible, expression (most homely expressions are forcible) that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" meaning thereby that habits of cleanliness tend not only to health of body, but to that state of moral feeling, which becomes man as the chief creature of the Almighty. One of the first acts of mental degradation is neglect of the person; filth and rags are always associated with misery, and often with vice and crime; and this remark applies to nations as well as to individuals; for we find that the nations lowest in the scale of civilization, are the most addicted to personal squalor and uncleanliness.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Ever since noon have the clouds, deathly white
With the brooding heat, veiled the burning sky,
And the steady glare of the sun's fierce light
From the reapers reaping the bearded rye.

Now they pause in their work and look to the west,
Where, far in the distance, across the broad plain,
The mountain lifts skyward his dense wooded crest,
And round it the dark clouds hang heavy with rain.

Abroad in the fields and the meadows close by
The cattle are huddled in groups 'neath the trees;
Some pawing the ground, some with heads lifted high,
And nostrils dilated, stand snuffing the breeze.

The dust from the highway is everywhere blown;
The poplar's green leaves, as with terror, grow white;
And the air with straws from the gleaning is sown,
Scattered this way and that by the wind in its flight.

The stream, which a moment ago was like glass,
Is wrinkled now like a face full of pain;
And the feathery tops of the tall meadow-grass
Bend down with the weight of the fast-falling rain.

The reapers come running in haste through the rye,
Up the lane, past the house, where I stand at the door;
Heavy loaded and dripping the teams hurry by;
Then I mark the first flash and the thunder's dull roar.

And the clouds of a sudden seem riven in twain;
The rain swells to torrents the mad, leaping rills;
The parched earth sends up from the hot, steaming plain,
A thick vapor veil that envelopes the hills.

All at once through a rift in the vast dome of gray,
A sunbeam shoots out, like an arrow let fly,
Gilding farm-house and river and hill in its way;
And, spanning the east, hangs the bow in the sky.

MISS MAY'S DEFEAT;

OR,

THE SUMMER PLEASURE OF A CITY BELLE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

PART FIRST.

Great was the excitement and dismay among the young ladies of Beaver Hollow when it was announced by pretty Lucy Hunter, at a May-day party, that her cousin, the namesake of that bright and sunny month, would speedily enliven them with her presence, and, in all probability, remain as the guest of her uncle at "Hunter's Farm" till autumn or winter came round again. There was a blank silence for some moments after the news had been told; for Miss May was one of the gayest belles of the city of New York, and wore her thousand and one conquests as proudly and gayly as an Indian warrior displays the scalps that testify to his prowess on the battle field.

Miss May was a heart-breaker—I had almost said by profession—and the Beaver Hollow young ladies looked forward to her advent among them much as a timid flock of doves might regard the circling swoop of a fierce-eyed hawk upon their devoted fold.

Why, in the name of flirtations, past, present, and to come, could not Miss May remain in New York; or, if she must visit the country, why could she not patronize Saratoga, Nahant, or any of the other places of fashionable resort, and leave Beaver Hollow and its young men and maidens in peace?

So reasoned the young ladies irately among themselves, and Lucy Hunter, whose future husband was safe in California, entirely out of reach of the wiles of her fascinating cousin, only laughed at their trouble, and said that her father could scarcely be expected to refuse Miss May an invitation to his house, for fear that she should disturb the peace of the village damsels by stealing the hearts of their respective swains.

There was no help for it, very evidently, and late on Saturday evening the stage coach which ran from Beaver Dam to Beaver Hollow deposited Miss May in safety at her uncle's door.

One or two ambitious young farmers in the vicinity contrived to be loitering past the gate as she alighted, but had nothing more to report to their comrades in the village than that she was tall, slender, closely-veiled, and that the foot and ankle, of which they caught a glimpse as she sprang to the ground, were perfect in their way.

As a matter of course, every one was exceedingly punctual in their attendance at church on the following morning, and their piety was duly rewarded by the appearance of the city belle, who walked up the aisle behind her uncle and aunt, and took her seat in the square, old, family pew with as devout and prudent an air as if she had never in her life heard the "chimes at midnight" while whirling round a gayly-lighted ball-room in a handsome partner's arms.

As soon as decorum permitted, each pair of eyes travelled curiously towards Mr. Hunter's pew; and truth compels me to add that, without an exception, they came back again with glances of most unqualified dismay. *That* the notorious heart-breaker—*that* the successful, petted city belle! Why, she was actually plain!—only redeemed from positive ugliness by a good-natured expression, a laughing mouth, and a set of dazzlingly white teeth. The young ladies beheld this and rejoiced inwardly. The young gentlemen stared; and but for the place in which they were, I verily believe would have given vent to long, low whistles of surprise. There was not much fear for their allegiance to the fair ones who already claimed them for their own; and wondering inwardly at the taste of New York gentlemen, they passed out of church and joined the smiling group assembled beyond the porch to welcome the lady to Beaver Hollow.

Not much danger! One would surely have thought not, watching the bevy of fair, fresh faces that contrasted so favorably in feature, form and color, with that of the city lady. Yet somehow, as Miss May gracefully acknowledged the hearty salutations proffered her, each gentleman received a bewildering glance from the dark, gray eyes that haunted him sadly during the remainder of the day to the manifest detriment of any other orbs, black, blue, or brown, which might chance to bear upon him before the setting of the sun.

However, it is quite as well for all of us, not only that we have no glass windows in our breasts, but also that we do not always speak out exactly what we may chance to be thinking from time to time. The young men whose hearts had been touched for an instant by those quiet glances, kept their own counsel, even as Miss May kept hers; and so no harm was done.

And, really, all things considered, the young lady behaved remarkably well. I know not if she might have been atoning for some private sins of omission and commission in the past or not; but, certainly, she poached upon no neighbor's manner, gave no lady reason to complain of her forwardness—no gentleman cause to congratulate himself upon the slightest preference shown by her for his society above that of any of his fellows. Even Lucy, who knew more of her past career than any other person in the world, looked on in wonder, and began to think it possible that her cousin might prove to be a reformed character, after all. Tired of flirtations, broken engagements, heartless coquetries, and other results and tokens of her earlier and more evil days, she had evidently forsworn all such naughtinesses for the future, and was now to be admitted into society rather as a useful and peaceful member than as the dangerous being she had proved before.

But Madam Opportunity will rarely let us persevere in well-doing even if we most earnestly wish to do so. I say *Madam* Opportunity, for I am certain that she *must* be a woman, from the quantity of mischief she contrives to do, and most certainly she caused my heroine to stumble and falter grievously in the path of rectitude she was treading.

The same stage coach which had borne her to her uncle's door, stopped there, early one pleasant July evening, and deposited a gentleman, at the sight of whom Miss Lucy uttered a little scream of delight, and vanished rapidly from the room. Miss May, very naturally, looked after her, and seeing her in the arms of the stranger at the open door, thought it only prudent to beat a retreat. Coming back from a long walk, and a friendly call or two on her village friends, she paused at the garden gate of the farmhouse just as the nine o'clock bell rang out from the church upon the green. The moon rode high in a calm and quiet sky—a single cloud was floating near it, and as May leaned upon the gate, watching it and the beauty of the sylvan scene, the words of the poet rose unbidden to her mind:

"Still unchanged will be
The scene, the hour, the moonlit cloud
On which I looked with *thee!*"

"Getting sentimental in my old age!" she said, with a light laugh. "That will be a fine tale for my friends in New York." And she put her hand behind her to unfasten the latch.

Another hand touched her own—a low voice said, "Allow me!" and the gate was opened for her. Miss May looked up in the face of the stranger of the stage coach—her cousin Lucy's promised husband. He stood courteously holding the gate open for her to pass, and the moonlight shone full upon his uncovered head and soft, dark brown hair. A hand seemed suddenly laid upon her heart as she gazed, and yet it was by no means so beautiful a face as to have attracted the notice of a *connoisseur* like herself.

A pale, somewhat sallow complexion—a low, broad brow—an outline of face more square than oval—a chin whose determined character was scarcely relieved by the beauty of its dimple—a firmly closed mouth, shaded by a dark brown moustache—a worn, almost exhausted expression—and a pair of blue eyes, set deep beneath overhanging brows, and shaded by dark lashes,—this was all she saw in the face of Eugene Grammont. And yet how much it was to her! She did not speak, nor did he. The dark gray eyes looked steadily for one moment into the blue ones, then drooped and turned away. Miss May, with a courteous bow, passed on into the house. Mr. Grammont glanced up at the sky with an intensely thoughtful expression, stroked his moustache, lit his cigar, and remained by the gate, smoking, for more than half an hour.

When he went in at last, he was of course formally introduced to his future cousin, who was vehemently asserting her sleepiness, and avowing her intention of making a speedy retreat to bed. To bed she soon went, accordingly, and Lucy, sitting down beside her lover for a few last good night words, found him more absent minded and silent than usual, a thing which, as she pettishly sighed to herself, was entirely and utterly needless. By and by, she too sought her couch, but not before she had paid a visit to her cousin, who began to brush away at her hair most vigorously the instant she heard the light knock of Lucy at the door.

Miss May, for a wonder, was most undeniably cross, and snubbed poor Lucy unmercifully about her lover, averring that he was as stupid as he was plain, and that it was useless to talk to her of him or his perfections for one single instant. Yet strange to say, the face that haunted her visions all that night, the eyes that sought her own—it was the face, they were the eyes of Eugene Grammont.

PART SECOND.

Picnics, boating parties, and excursions after berries, fruit and flowers, now became the order of the day, for it was necessary to welcome the returned Californian to his native village with every demonstration of joy. In all these festivities Miss May, as a matter of course, bore a very active part. But those who knew her best noticed that, at this time, a great change became manifest, not only in her manner, but in her appearance. She laughed less often, and far less heartily, the sparkle in her eyes was not quite so bright, nor was she so frequently the leader and instigator of every frolic as she had once been. Lucy, it may be, missed her gay, light-hearted companion more than any one else could do, and often complained that since Eugene's return, her cousin had become almost unbearable. It was so odd, too, she often remarked, that Eugene and her cousin should seem so thoroughly to dislike each other. Do all she could, she was unable to draw them together. The two best friends she had in all the world seemed forever separated from each other by a wall of pride and coldness, and with some dismay she looked forward to the time when they should both become inmates of her married home. How dreadful it would be, and ah! how dull and lonely that home would seem if May should never come. Then Lucy sighed and blushed, and felt herself most thoroughly wicked, as the bright, dark face of a young merchant, who had recently "settled" at Beaver Dam, rose before her eyes, and blotted out, for a moment, the pale, serious, and thoughtful countenance of Eugene Grammont.

As she sat one evening musing like this, it chanced that her cousin May passed by the window without noticing her, and paused a moment at the open gate. She looked thoughtful, almost sad, and swung her garden hat idly by its blue ribbons, as she gazed at the setting sun and the crimson western sky. Suddenly Mr. Grammont passed up the road, lifted his hat, paused for one moment rather irresolutely, then came abruptly towards the lady, and asked if she was going for a walk. Lucy stared in astonishment when she saw May's cheek suffused with the deepest crimson glow, when she heard her voice falter and tremble as she answered the simple question. Had he been asking her if she intended presently to commit murder or suicide, her embarrassment could scarcely have been greater, and he stood silently by her side, looking down at her with an expression in his blue eyes which they had never worn while turning on Lucy herself.

"I am going—yes, to the village—the New York mail is in," faltered May, and then she turned abruptly away, put on her hat, and hurried off in a direction exactly contrary to that which she had named.

Lucy's eyes were suddenly but completely opened. There was (to a woman) no mistaking the confusion and embarrassment of both parties. Instead of sitting down to weep and wail over her recreant lover and her treacherous friend, what did Lucy do? Smiled softly to herself, and began a mental calculation as to how many yards of Brussels carpeting it would take to cover the drawing-room floors of the new brown stone house which the young merchant had already commenced building in the high street at Beaver Dam.

An hour passed on, and still Eugene Grammont had never stirred from the position he had taken up directly after Miss May's departure. Apparently he had entirely forgotten that such a person as Lucy existed in the whole world. Certainly he was the coldest, the most absent minded, and most unsatisfactory lover she had ever seen, and yet she could remember the time, not so very, very many years ago, when he had been quite different. Was it only May's coming that had altered him so, or had he some other trouble, of which she knew nothing? Miss Lucy promised herself that she would find out before she slept that night.

It was long after nine when May came strolling slowly towards the farm-house—but not alone. She had been to the village after all, though by a very roundabout way, and the young merchant, only too glad of any excuse to visit the home where Lucy dwelt, had brought her safely back. Leaving him to make good his entrance at the front door, which stood invitingly open, May passed on into the garden, and strolled up and down the shaded walks, as she thought in perfect solitude. By and by a dim red spark approaching, and the familiar fragrance of a cigar, warned her of Mr. Grammont's presence. It was too late for retreat, even had it been desirable, and she faced him quietly, with a letter in her hand.

"Well," she said, "you will soon be rid of one of your troubles."

"As how?"

"I have just received letters from New York which recall me at once."

He threw away his cigar and came nearer to her.

"At once? Then before you go, hear what I have often been on the point of telling you—I love you, May."

"What!"

"I love you."

"And dare you tell me so?"

"Yes."

"While you are positively engaged to my cousin?"

"Hear me out, May, before you judge me. My engagement with your cousin was formed long ago, when she was almost a child, and when I too did not know my own mind. I really think she will be quite as glad to release me as I shall be glad to be released. For Lucy, whatever she might have felt before my return, does not love me now. Had I not been sure of this, beyond the possibility of a doubt, I would never have spoken to you like this to-night."

Miss May was silent. In her heart she knew only too well that his words were perfectly true. Lucy did *not* love him, and yet there seemed to be a species of treachery in listening to what he said, while her cousin was absent and unconscious of such a breach of faith.

"Will you not answer me?" he asked, gently.

"Alas! what can I say?"

"What your own heart dictates."

"I dare not listen to it."

"May—May—don't be a goose!" said a laughing voice behind her. "I am so glad I followed you out. Take him, for mercy's sake, and I am very sure that every one will be as well pleased as you are."

May moved slightly as if an earthquake had shaken the ground beneath her, but gave no other sign of hearing. But Mr. Grammont, flashing a bright smile of gratitude and joy towards the speaker, who ran up the garden laughing saucily, held out his hand to the woman he had learned to love with his whole heart and soul.

"Will you take it, May? Be sure that Lucy will never suffer one single pang on your account or mine. Let her be happy in her own way, dear child, and crown my life with the joy which you alone can give."

May answered nothing, but placed her hand in his. He drew her back beneath the overshadowing trees, and folding her closely to his heart, pressed his first kiss of love upon her lips.

"At last! at last!" he murmured. "Oh, darling, this amply repays me for all I have suffered during these weary summer months. But there have been times, my love, when it has seemed to me that my heart must break if I did not speak—yet honor kept me silent."

May's proud head drooped lightly on her lover's shoulder. Never in all her city life of triumph and excitement had she been so happy as now. All strife and turmoil were forever at an end; a long and happy career of usefulness lay spread out before them, crowned with the joy of loving and being loved; and not one of the actors in the double wedding which came off at the Beaver Hollow Church, two months later, ever found reason to regret "the summer pleasure of a city belle," or ceased to thank and congratulate Miss May upon her unsought defeat.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Expectant Heir has a sore grievance to lay before us. He says that he has a grand-uncle who is wealthy, unmarried, and sixty-two years old. The supposition has always been that the grand-uncle would never marry; in fact, "he has repeatedly said so," exclaims our correspondent, "and it has been an understood thing that he would leave his wealth to me and certain other heirs of his. But *now* he has fallen in love with a designing creature, and has announced his determination to marry her, notwithstanding all the entreaties and remonstrances of his *true* friends. We have talked the matter over among ourselves in a calm and dispassionate manner. We have tried to take a perfectly impartial, reasonable and *just* view of the case, and we think we have done so; and our conclusion is that my grand-uncle had no right to break his word with us, and pass his property over to a stranger, who has no merit except a pretty face. Now, we want *your* opinion on the subject; and we want to know, also, if his long-continued pretence and many statements that we should be his heirs do not constitute a legal agreement to that effect, which we could enforce by going to law about it." You are all wrong as to this matter—socially, morally and legally. You ought to be glad that your grand-uncle has had his heart at last touched by the beams of love, and is to have a few years of domestic happiness before he dies. You "expectant heirs" seem to be a selfish set, and your selfishness may lead you so to forfeit your grand-uncle's regard as to induce him to withhold his hand from you altogether in his will. You would do well to behave decently in the matter, so as not to alienate his affections from you entirely.

Henley.—What is the use of arguing with your friends about the propriety or inhumanity of "angling for the speckled trout?" It is certainly no worse to angle for that particular fish than for any other. If angling in general, as Dr. Johnson would have us believe, is an amusement only fit for fools, what shall we say of Daniel Webster's devotion to the art? If it be demoralizing, as the *moral* Byron intimates, then the late Drs. Bethune and Berrian must have been sad transgressors, for they were enthusiastic fishermen. The names of scores, aye, hundreds of wise and good men—lights of literature, magnates of science, distinguished professors of the fine arts, illustrious medicos, great composers, eminent theologians and profound metaphysicians—might be cited to show that a love of angling is not inconsistent with the loftiest genius and the most wonderful mental attainments. Who, then, shall blame the scholar, the philosopher, the poet, the artist, or, indeed, any man who can spare the time, if, in this lovely month of June, he shall intermit his headwork or his handwork, and sally forth, rod in hand, among the mountain brooks, to try conclusions with their beautiful and delicious denizens?

Hazleton, Pa.—There are different theories as to where the worms, lizards and frogs come from which are sometimes seen in the road after a heavy summer shower. There has been a great deal written on the subject by people who are fond of such speculations; but no one has yet been able to state, *as a matter of fact, how* such phenomena come about. The most generally received opinion is that the worms, lizards and frogs referred to are brought on the wings of the wind—that they are whirled up into the air by the storm, carried to a distance, and finally descend by force of their own gravity. This theory seems to be borne out by alleged statements made by persons who, after a storm, have found colonies of such vermin and reptiles strewn upon tops of high hills and elevated plains, and even by balloonists who, during the prevalence of a wind storm, have (as it is alleged) had them whirled into the cars of their balloons when riding through the air at an elevation of several hundred feet. On the whole, this theory seems to be reasonable, and there does not appear to be any other on which the presence of worms, frogs and lizards in large numbers, after a storm, can be accounted for.

Rebecca.—You certainly have a right to try your hand at rhyming, and test your fate in that respect; but unless the desire to write poetry—a very common one with persons whose imaginations are easily excited—is accompanied by decided poetic power, success in that department of literature is at present impossible. Probably more creditable verse has been published within the last twenty-five years than was ever before written within the same space of time since the world began. During that period the fugitive poetry (*i. e.*, the poetry of the newspapers and magazines) of this country has been, upon the whole, far superior to that of England, France or Germany, and not a month passes without the advent of poems that would have made their author's reputation at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is obvious that in competition with these achievements of genius *mere rhymes*, however smooth and musical, stand no chance. In these thoughtful days the public is not satisfied with jingle. It demands ideas—*new* ideas—and no mechanical rhymster, however adroit, can win its applause. We refer here to the American public; the English public is less discriminating, less critical.

Ernest, of St. Louis, wants to know why the word "old-fashioned" is used in one case, and "old-fashion" in the other, in the following lines. It seems that some persons have one theory and some another on the subject. The lines are:

"How inviting and merry the sight
Of the *old-fashioned* chimney-place,
When the fire-wood laughs and gives light,
And throws out its arms to embrace!
It is cheering and sweet to behold
The little ones whom we admire,
As they gaze and list well to tales told,
And sit by the *old-fashion* fire!"

The simple reason why "old-fashion" is used in the last line is because "*somebody* has blundered." It should be "*old-fashioned*," as in the second line. The probability is that the author of the lines wrote them correctly, and that in copying them the *ed* has been left off of the adjective in the last line by mistake, as it is not likely that any intelligent writer would be apt to make such a palpable blunder.

Earnest Reader.—Your notion of what is necessary in order to "fit yourself to be a merchant by next spring," is of the crudest kind. By "fitting yourself to be a merchant," you probably mean qualifying yourself to fill the position of an under clerk, or "store boy." You probably possess sufficient capacity for either of the last named positions, and your spirit seems to be of that kind which pushes its possessor rapidly along the path of improvement. But if your father has a good farm, you might do better to stay at home and fit yourself to play the part of a great agriculturist, than you could do by "going into a store."

James.—The only way for you to learn to spell correctly is by downright hard study of orthography. You must commit the spelling of each word to memory. By studying the rules of spelling usually prefixed to spelling books and dictionaries, your memory of the orthography of difficult words, and of words spelled alike but pronounced differently, and of words spelled differently but pronounced similarly, will be considerably aided. As to your health, you should consult a physician. It is exceedingly foolish to seek aid in such a matter of strangers and unprofessional people.

Joseph.—Do you not know somebody in Ireland, living in the vicinity where your uncle resided at the time of his death, to whom you could write for information as to the character of his will? Perhaps you were "remembered" in it, and your relatives do not know where to find you. Have you been in communication with them? You should write to them and ask for the information which you desire.

Rose.—The names to which you refer—Carrer Bell, Acton Bell and Ellis Bell—were the respective pseudonyms, or *noms des plumes*, of the three Brontë girls, namely, Charlotte, Anne and Emily. Charlotte was the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and other popular novels; and her sisters Anne and Emily also wrote books which had considerable success.

George.—The persons who advertise to supply applicants with lucrative situations, on the payment of a small sum in advance, *may* be able to keep their promises; but everybody in this world needs more or less looking after. It is a safe rule never to part with one's money to a stranger unless you *know* it to be all right.

Victoria.—The term "good-breeding" does not relate to a man's blood, or descent, or ancestry, but to his own personal qualities and manners. When Count d'Orsay died, the London *Times*, in its obituary notice of him, said that "he was probably the best bred man in Europe;" but the *Times* of course did not mean that the Count was of the best or most illustrious *lineage* of any man in Europe, as that would have assigned to him a more noble ancestry than is possessed even by the Guelphs, the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, or the members of any other royal dynasty now extant. The "best bred" man in Europe meant the man who, in society, would most completely, most elegantly and most *winsomely* sacrifice his own personal wishes and gratifications for the purpose of conferring pleasure upon, and putting at their ease, *those persons who most needed his attentions*. For example, imagine at some grand, aristocratic ball in London, a timid, awkward, homely, unattractive girl, neglected by every one and utterly miserable. On discovering her, Count d'Orsay would seek an introduction to her, engage her in conversation, invite her to dance with him, introduce her to other well-bred persons, stimulate her self-respect, please her self-love, turn what to her was before a castle of despair into a palace of delight, and send her home happy instead of miserable. This illustration will enable you to understand that "good-breeding" is the exhibition of great native goodness of heart through the medium of the highest culture and perfect tact. Many persons who have an abundance of the native goodness of heart, and would like to exhibit it in society, refrain from doing so because they do not know how to do it gracefully and are afraid of adding to the embarrassment of those whom they would be glad to relieve. But any honest attempt of the kind is pretty certain to meet with satisfactory success.

A Woman of Illinois sends us the following frank communication: "I am a new reader of the *Ledger*," she says, "and find it to be the friend of those who wish to make confessions and ask advice; and as that is my motive in writing, I will inform you that I am a lady considerably past that age called 'sweet sixteen,' but not far advanced in what is termed 'old maidhood.' I have had several opportunities to marry offered me, and, I must confess, it was not for the want of affection or love that I did not marry any or all of the offerers; but I have found my affections so easily transferred from one man to another, that I fear to accept an offer of marriage, for fear I would wake up some day and find myself bound to a man, for life, that I did not love, and see others that I did love. Then there would be an unhappy couple doomed to live an unhappy life. Now, what is the *Ledger's* advice? Shall I remain in a state of single blessedness, or marry as an experiment? I have an offer of marriage from a man that has been roaming over the western wilds for a number of years. He has been in Mexico, in the Rocky Mountains, among the mines, among the Indians, in the army, and, for aught I know, in the penitentiary. The fact is, I know nothing about him, only that I think I love him, and would like to become his wife. I want the advice of some experienced friend. Will the *Ledger* give it to me?" It would probably be safe all 'round for you to marry the person referred to. You are a sentimental roamer, and he is a practical roamer. If *you* should roam in your affections, *he* could roam off bodily. And the very fact that he is such a wandering fellow might make you so fear to lose him as to keep your affections at home for the purpose of keeping him there also.

Boston.—This correspondent is a young lady who says that she was engaged to a young man who went to the war; that since his return home he "has slighted her in every way," and goes with her sister a great deal; that "everybody says he is engaged to her sister;" that her sister behaves shamefully and goes with the gentleman to concerts and places, every opportunity she has; "and now," she says, "I want you to tell me what I ought to do, or if it would be any use for me to try to do anything about the matter." If your statement is correct, the young man referred to must be a bad-hearted person who would be apt to make any woman miserable who should marry him. Therefore, the best thing for you to do would be to let him go, and be thankful that you have escaped the wretched fate of becoming his wife.

C. de L. Y.—The British Government have never transported troops to Canada across the State of Maine, or across any other portion of the United States. Our government would probably grant them the privilege of doing so, in time of peace; but the British officials know too well that the majority of all the troops that they should bring within the jurisdiction of the United States would desert and stay there, to take any such risk. On our soil British officers could exercise no legal authority whatever over their troops, and the latter would consequently be able to do just as they pleased about continuing in the British service should they be once brought upon our territory.

A. M. D., Lynchburg, Va.—You can probably get some bookseller in Lynchburg to send for a book for you, on phonetic short-hand. Almost any text-book will answer. The system was invented by an Englishman named Pitman, about thirty years ago. It would take you a year, and three hours' practice a day at that, to master the art so as to be able to make efficient use of it in the practical business of reporting. A good reporter can generally get employment, and can make from five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars a week, according to his capacity and opportunities.

An Old Man.—All of Lord Chesterfield's efforts to make his son a successful public man, failed. This was not at all surprising, considering the utter lack of moral and spiritual nourishment in the instruction which the fond old lord lavished upon the boy. Could mere worldly wisdom and culture have secured young Stanhope's success, he would have achieved a brilliant career; but the young man whose soul is systematically starved, and whose morals are intentionally undermined by his father, need not hope for even worldly success.

Hinda.—Instead of constantly trying to write poetry, you should read the poetical works of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Moore, Tennyson, and other standard authors, with critical care and studiousness. By that means you might acquire such an insight in regard to the mystery of the highest poetical expression, as to be able to write something which would satisfy you. That you are always so dissatisfied with your productions is not a bad sign. It may be an indication not so much of poverty of performance as of elevation and exactingness of taste.

B. A. J.—Among the historical works which should be included in your proposed course of reading, are Niebuhr's history of Rome, Grote's history of Greece, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, the historical works of Napier, Alison, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thierry, Thiers, Froude, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley and Buckle. By the time you get through with those you will be able to select advantageously for yourself.

M. A. R.—If a married woman's estate is settled upon herself and her children, free from the control of her husband, and she dies before her husband does, he cannot inherit the property, or any portion of it, or in any manner interfere with it, but it will all go to her children. And if the widower should marry again, neither his second wife nor her children could interfere with the property left by the first wife.

Marie.—The person who maintains that the word "molasses" is a plural noun, must be densely ignorant. Does he say "*those* molasses," or "*these* molasses," or "molasses *are* sweet?" You need not fear to differ on this question with the "learned pundit" referred to, however great his reputation for scholarship.

J. W., Hartford.—We have repeatedly declined to give any one the slightest aid to become an actor or an actress, and we must do the same in your case. We do not wish to see any person embrace such a career, so long as there are so many noble ways to usefulness, opulence or renown open to the young.

Providence, R. I.—It would depend on the particular circumstances of the case whether or not it would be proper for a lady to accept the present of a parasol from a gentleman. If she, knowing all the facts of the case, has any doubts as to the propriety of accepting such a present, she should decline it.

F. T. L.—"What can a man do," asks this correspondent, "who is willing to work, but can't get any work to do, and has too much pride to ask for it, and still cannot do without it?" He must conquer his pride and seek diligently for work until he finds it.

Mary.—An engagement ring is not the same thing as a wedding ring, nor is it worn on the same finger. The engagement ring is worn on the fore finger of the left hand, and the wedding ring on the finger next to the little finger of the same hand.

Herbert.—It is not likely that any physiological or mental evils would result from the intermarriage of fourth cousins. The vein of consanguinity would be too remote, in such a case, to endanger the well-being of offspring.

****Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*